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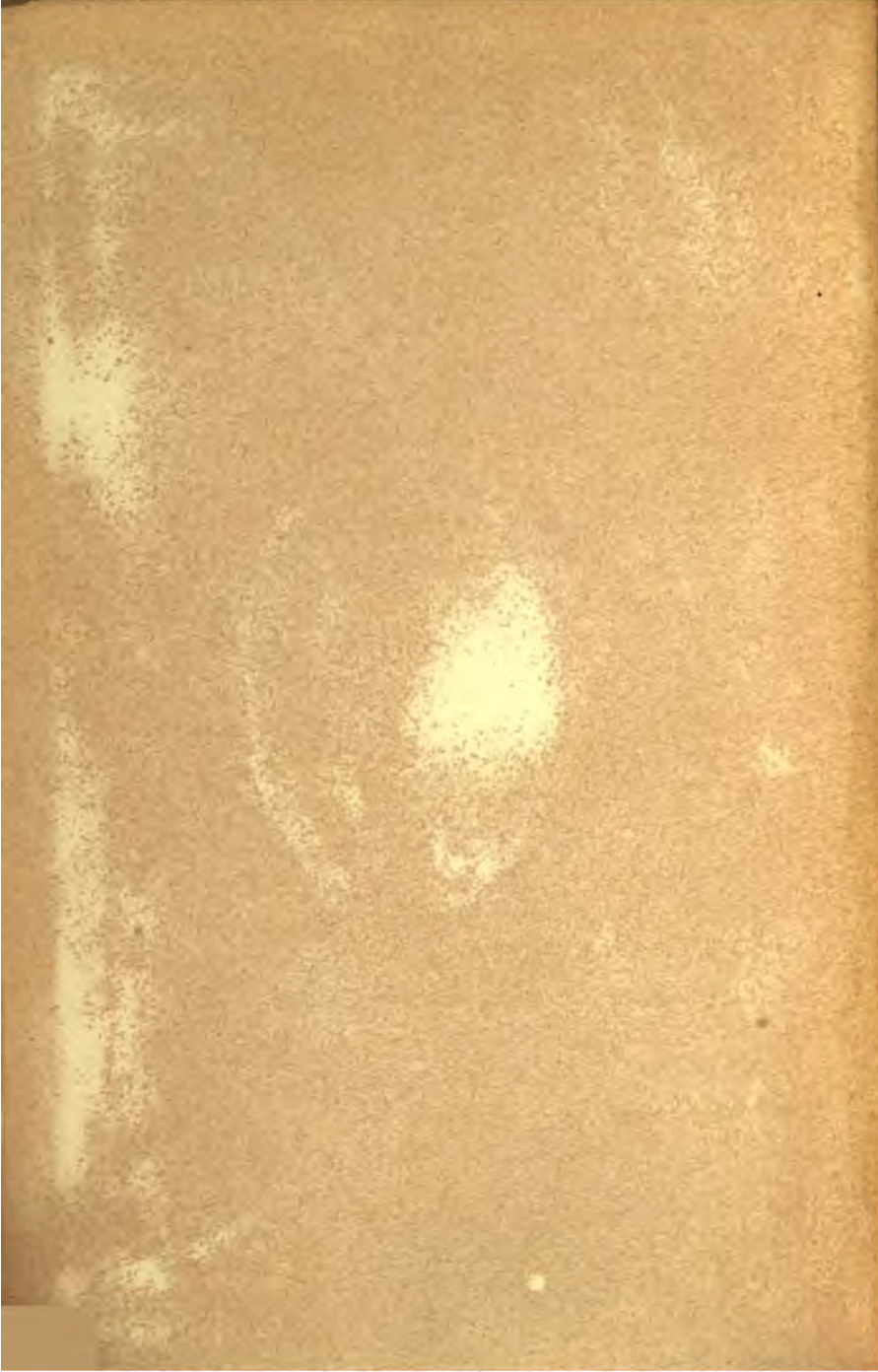
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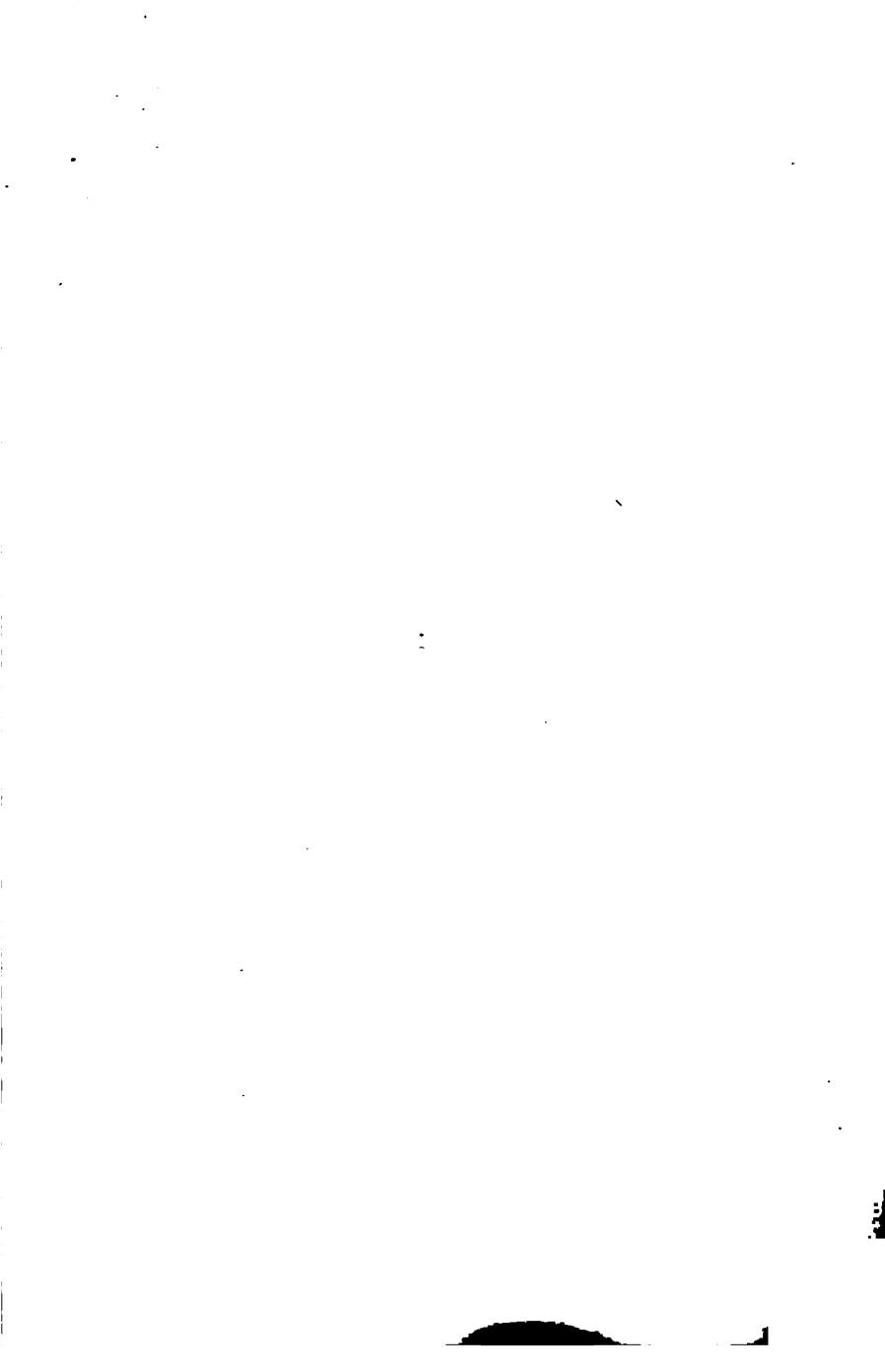


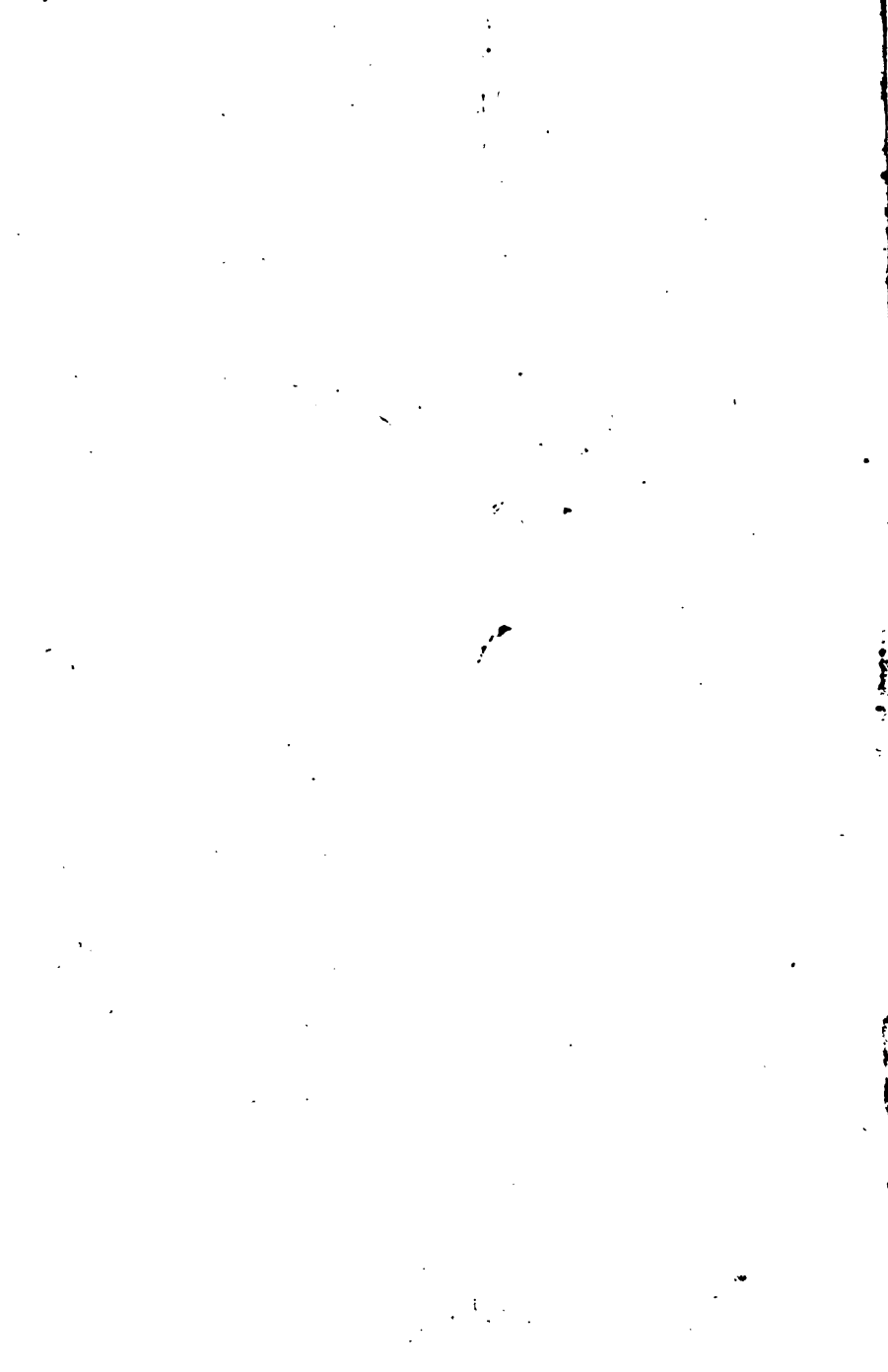
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Tighe







# TIGHE LYFFORD.

A NOVEL.

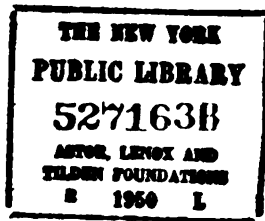
"Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;  
For some must watch, while some must sleep:—  
Thus runs the world away."

NEW YORK:  
JAMES MILLER, 436 BROADWAY.

1859.

MR.





Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852,

By JAMES MILLER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for  
the Southern District of New York.

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NEW YORK :  
BELLIN AND BROTHER, PRINTERS,  
XX, NORTH WILLIAM ST.

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THE Author, while admitting a natural anxiety for the success of his book, has by no means a wish to deprecate criticism upon it. Honest criticism has rarely, if ever, done permanent injury to a book or its author. Even when unjust, it has seldom done more harm than good. It may indeed have aided consumption in the death of a Keats, which, however, is questionable; but it made, perhaps, amends for this, by rousing into vigorous action the latent energies of a Byron. But what criticism cannot do, misconstruction or misrepresentation may; and these he is most desirous to avoid. His book has been called a novel; and it is nothing more; and he begs that no one will suppose or say, that that which was written years ago for the employment of an idle hour, and with the hope of affording an hour's innocent amusement to others, might have been written for another purpose. The Author has no spleen to gratify, no enemies he would not openly confront, and in glancing at the evils of a system, it has not been with the intention of covertly assailing any individual whom the system he condemns would be likely to create. His story is a fiction, and as a fiction let it be judged.

Review of the Author's book, 1840



# TIGHE LYFFORD.

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## CHAPTER I.

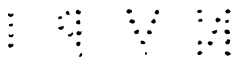
INDIAN SUMMER was gone, and the shrill whistle of the autumn wind gave notice of the certain and near approach of winter, whose coming was contemplated with feelings of sadness, if not of dismay, by one of the occupants of a small room in a miserable tenement, in which a dozen families, or more, had found a temporary shelter, if not a home, who, sitting at the window, was apparently intent upon watching the clouds that were driven rapidly athwart the cold grey sky, but who, in reality, unconscious of every thing without, was thinking only on the melancholy present which, like that evening sky, was cold and dark, and without any promise of a bright to-morrow.

The day was nearly spent; yet enough light still entered the solitary window to give a perfect view of the poverty which had found an abode in

\* \* \* \*

that small room. But it was poverty without its usual attendants, squalor and untidiness. The furniture was scanty and worn, but clean. The bed, in one corner, was covered with a neat patchwork quilt, and the pillow-cases, though old and coarse, looked as if they had never been slept on. The tea-table, in the middle of the floor, with its poor service of cheap delf, had for cloth a piece of common muslin, but snowy white; and the unlighted tin lamp that stood upon it shone like silver. The walls had been lately white-washed, the uncarpeted floor was clean as scrubbing could make it, and the hearth, where a poor fire was burning under a well-scoured tea-kettle, was in the most perfect order.

And the appearance of her who sat at the window, looking despondingly out upon that cheerless sky, was in perfect keeping with every thing around her. There was the same poverty in her dress, and the same care in rendering it as pleasant as possible to the eye. Her widow's cap was plain as cap could be, but carefully and even gracefully put on, and tied under her chin with a narrow black ribbon; her gown, of a faded mourning calico, was made high in the neck, but its formality was relieved by a narrow frill at the throat of the same material, and her apron, worn partly to preserve her dress, and partly



to conceal its worn condition, though of common cotton check, gave a finish to all by its housewife-like tidiness.

Mrs. Condon was at this time not less than fifty, but looked full ten or fifteen years younger, and retained in a wonderful degree the beauty for which, in her narrow sphere, she had been celebrated in her youth as the "Rose of Inver." Her tall figure, still remarkable for its fine proportions, was in no wise bent; her complexion was hardly a shade less brilliant than it had been in her girlhood; her dark Spanish eyes were almost as lustrous as ever, and her jet black hair, of which she had an evident profusion under her cap, had not among it a single silver thread. And yet she had not been without her portion of the sorrow to which the happiest of us is born. The mother of thirteen children, she had seen ten of them with their father—the husband of her youth, for whose sake she had left the home of her childhood and the land of her birth—laid in their graves. She had denied herself many of the enjoyments common to those of her humble state, that she might lay by something which, in the time of sickness and old age, would "keep the wolf from the door," but the dishonesty of one whom her husband had befriended, robbed her of her little store,

and the fire of a night had laid in ashes the furniture she had been years in gathering together; and now, widowed, poor, and no longer young, she found herself the mistress of one small room, with its scanty furniture, without even the hope of a brighter earthly future. Yet, amid all her trials, she had never for a moment yielded up her spirit to despair, or suffered her trust in the goodness of an over-ruling Providence to be shaken; and the almost perpetual sunshine within her breast, gave to her face, even in the dreary winter of age, the cheerfulness of summer.

"I'm sleepy, mother," said a little boy of eight, rising from a stool at the hearth, where he had been sitting very quietly for the last fifteen or twenty minutes, and drawing close to the chair of Mrs. Condon. "A'n't we going to have supper soon?"

"By-and-bye, dear," said his mother, kindly, laying the head of the child upon her bosom, and kissing his upturned brow. "There is no money in the house now, and we must wait till Lizzie comes with some before we can get any bread."

"Don't Lizzie stay very long?"

"It was late when we got our work done, you know, and Lizzie has had a good ways to go, darling; besides, people who have to work for others, cannot always get their money when they go for it."

"When I get to be a man, mother," said the little fellow, caressingly, "you sha'n't any of you have to work any more."

"I dare say not, my pet. But hark! There is some one on the stairs, and no doubt 'tis Lizzie."

The door was at that moment opened, and a young woman, with a small market basket in her hand, entered the room with a light and quick step. Little Arthur, with a glad cry of "Nelly!" sprang to meet her, and in a moment the basket was put down, and she had him in her arms, while Mrs. Condon, who had risen on her entrance, looked upon their mutual caresses with evident pleasure.

This young woman was the oldest living of Mrs. Condon's children, and was now about twenty-five, rather short of stature, with small features and dark complexion, and by no means remarkable for anything but a pair of fine dark eyes, something like her mother's, and a countenance bright with habitual good temper. But those eyes, and that ever-pleasant countenance, were sure to render her an object of attention, where many a maiden of far greater pretensions would have passed unnoticed, and though she might never, like her beautiful and stately sister Lizzie, excite the admiration of the passing stranger, she could not be well known and not be beloved.



"No tea yet, I see," she said, laying aside her bonnet and shawl, and bringing her basket to the table.

"No." said her mother, "we are waiting for Lizzie, who has gone home with some work."

"And we can't get any bread till she comes," added Arthur, "for mother ha'n't got any money. And I'm so hungry!"

"Are you, dear? Then let us see if Nelly hasn't got something for him here." And having lighted the lamp, she opened her basket, and took thence some cold meats, with nearly half a nice roasted chicken, a few boiled Carolinas, three or four loaves of bread—rather stale to be sure—from which a few slices only had been taken, and last, though not least in the estimation of Arthur, a large piece of pie, that made the eyes of the little fellow glisten with delight.

"Don't let your pride become alarmed, mother," said Nelly gayly, as she arranged the contents of her basket on the table. "I've not been out asking for 'cold wittels.' All that is here came to me unsought. You see, I've made quite a friend of Mrs. Gregson, the cook, by doing up a cap or collar for her now and then with Miss Frothingham's things, and writing letters for her to her son in Illinois, and she

seems to take a particular interest in whatever belongs to me. Last night she questioned me pretty closely about my family, and, little by little, without meaning to do so, I gave her the history of all our difficulties since the death of poor father, until I resolved to give up the sewing that agreed so badly with me, and much to the mortification of poor Lizzie's pride, fairly went out to service. Well, as I was coming out just now, she met me at the foot of the stairs with this basket. 'Take this, dear,' said she, 'and don't be angry. What's in it may save your mother a few shillings, and would only be wasted here, or thrown away upon them that don't deserve it. Whenever you're going to run home, just let me know, and I'll always have something for you to take along with you.'"

"Did she give you," asked Arthur with great earnestness, "that nice piece of pie, and *all*?"

"No, that 'nice piece of pie' was given me at dinner; but, as I thought I knew a little boy who wanted it more than I did, I put it away to bring home with me."

"Well, if you really didn't want it, Nelly," said the child, "I'm very glad you brought it home, for I do love pie so much! and mother never makes any now."

"You look serious, mother," said Nelly, having seen that her brother was engaged to his satisfaction. "I hope you do not think I did wrong in taking these things?"

"No, my dear," replied Mrs. Condon, "for I do not see any harm in taking what would otherwise be wasted, and as many a one better than I has been glad to eat of the crumbs that have fallen from 'the rich man's table,' there is nothing in Mrs. Gregson's gift to offend my pride—if such I have. If I looked serious it was from feeling anxious about Lizzie, who is such a coward after dark."

"Poor Lizzie! I wish she had strength or courage to go to service as I have done. It would be better for her in every respect in the long run."

"Lizzie is young yet," said her mother apologetically, "and cannot take the common-sense view of things that you do."

"And she never will, mother," returned Nelly, seriously but kindly, "while she allows herself to be governed by the opinions or prejudices of those around her. The contempt with which servant girls are spoken of, by the silly young men and sillier young women of her acquaintance, has made her, like many others, look down upon the whole of a

useful class of females, and nothing but her sisterly affection could make her tolerant even of me."

The remark that Mrs. Condon was about to make in reply, was prevented by the appearance of Lizzie; and scarcely could a crowned queen have entered her chamber of state with a more lofty bearing than this poor maiden the humble apartment that she called her home. And yet that loftiness sat not ill upon her. She was a tall, and certainly a most beautiful girl, perhaps nineteen or twenty, bearing a strong resemblance to her mother, both in form and feature, but with more passion in her dark eye, and more pride in her classic lip than ever Mrs. Condon had been troubled with; and that passion and that pride had already given a character to her beauty more likely to command admiration than to win esteem.

"I was afraid I should have to go without seeing you," said Nelly, after greetings had been exchanged.

"I should have been sorry for that," returned Lizzie, but without any of the affectionate warmth of her sister's manner. "But the place was full when I got to Hathaway's, and, as I do not wish that all the world should know my business, I had to wait some time for the money. Then, you know, I had a

good distance to come, and this troublesome pain in my side will not let me walk fast."

"Poor child!" said Nelly commiseratingly, "I wish you could give up this hateful sewing."

"So do I, I'm sure," she answered, a little querulously, "for I'm tired of it. But, as I can't, there's no use in saying any thing more about it." And nothing more was said about it, and soon after Nelly took her leave to return to her place.

## CHAPTER II.

LIZZIE CONDON had given three reasons for returning so late, and all very good, as well as very true, for she did have to wait a long time for her money, the distance she had to come was considerable, and the pain in her side was certainly very troublesome. But there was a fourth reason, that she did not give, which would have accounted quite as well as any of these for her long absence, and better perhaps than altogether for the heightened colour of her cheek, and the proud—almost defiant air—which had been noticed, at least by her sister, when she entered the room. She had encountered one, and been accompanied by him almost to the door, whose presence had once been the purest joy to her young and loving heart, but which was now become painful, almost hateful to her, from the feeling of wounded pride it was sure to awaken in her breast.

The fathers of Lizzie Condon and Tighe Lyfford

had been friends from early youth, and friends they continued through life, notwithstanding the great difference in their fortunes, for while the one remained a poor man all his days, the other, by a lucky speculation, early became the owner of a considerable property, which, in a few years, amounted to what might, even now, be called a handsome independence. And the friendship of the fathers seemed to descend as a natural inheritance to their children, although the far greatest share fell to the lot of Lizzie and Tighe, whose early fondness for each other's society, gave strength to the hope, long entertained by their elders, that their families should one day be united by a tie even stronger than that of friendship, a hope that was, no doubt, entertained by the young people themselves, and that, too, at an age when marriage could hardly have been seriously contemplated by either.

But though the fathers had been friends, we cannot say as much of the mothers. Indeed it would have been to reconcile impossibilities, for any thing like friendship to exist between persons so dissimilar, in every respect, as Mrs. Condon and Mrs. Lyfford; and although a show of intimacy had been kept up during the lives of their husbands, neither was anxious to continue it, when they, for whose

sake it had been begun, were taken away, and a call now and then of the purse-proud, vulgar Mrs. Lyfford upon "poor Mrs. Condon"—a call that was never returned—and a casual greeting at the church door were all that now remained of it.

The love that had sprung up in the young hearts of Lizzie and Tighe, which had been fostered into strength by the unrestrained intercourse between them, and the favour with which it had been regarded by their fathers, would, if their fathers had lived, or that intercourse been continued, in all probability, ere this, have produced its natural fruit—marriage. But that which had been so vigorous and flourishing, a little more than two years before, seemed suffering now from sudden blight, and to have fallen into sure decay. They who had been at one time warm friends, and secretly affianced lovers, were now, if not open enemies, little better than strangers, and never met except, as they had done this evening, by accident; for Tighe, through the instrumentality of a fellow-student in a law-office, who, of course, knew nothing of the antecedents of his new friend, having obtained admission into what is facetiously called the "Best Society," lived now in happy forgetfulness of the early poverty of his family, and his own humble associates, and Lizzie,



whatever affection for him might still lie concealed in the depths of her heart, had too much womanly pride to show him, when they did meet, that her memory was any better than his own.

Lizzie, having received the money for which she had waited, was hurrying homeward, when, just as she was about to cross Broadway, she felt herself pulled suddenly back, and the next moment an omnibus dashed furiously by, within two feet of the spot on which she now stood.

"I'm afraid I must have alarmed you greatly," said the person who had saved her from impending destruction; "but there really was no time for ceremony."

"O, thank you," she returned. "I was a little frightened, I believe. But it's all over now," although she was still trembling violently.

"If you will permit me," said her preserver, "I will see you safely across the street, for you seem hardly able to stand."

"Thank you, sir, no; it is not at all necessary," and was about to leave him, when, looking up in his face, she recognized Tighe Lyfford.

"Miss Lizzie Condon," he went on to say, "will not surely deny so small a favour to an old friend?"

"It would not be granting, but receiving a favour, and Lizzie Condon is not anxious to increase her obligations to Mr. Tighe Lyfford. For the service just rendered, I thank you, sir; but I do not need, nor will I accept any further." And with a haughty bend of the head she left him, and hurried across the street. But she did not escape him so easily as she had thought, for when in two or three minutes she slackened the quick pace at which she had been walking, she found him at her side.

"As we are going the same way," said he, "I hope you will allow me to walk with you?"

"The street being as free to you as it is to me," she returned coldly, "I could not prevent you walking with me if I would."

"Now, really, Lizzie"—

"Common acquaintances, sir," said she, drawing herself up, "call me *Miss* Lizzie."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Lizzie; but I really meant no disrespect by the familiarity of my address, for I was not prepared to be received as a *common* acquaintance."

"You surely cannot claim to be any thing more?"

"Perhaps not," he said, as she thought a little sadly. "But I had hoped that an intimacy of years might have made me something more."

"But you forget, that the intimacy between our families has been some time at an end."

"So it has appeared, I am sorry to say, but certainly by no fault of mine."

"Whose the fault may be," said Lizzie, with a show of indifference that she did not feel, "I have not taken the trouble to inquire. I only know the fact."

"I too, know that, but am ignorant of the cause."

"The cause? O the cause is apparent enough. The Lyffords, once poor, are poor no longer, and the Condons, always poor, are now poorer than ever."

"Miss Lizzie Condon," said Tighe, rather resentfully, "must have rather a high opinion of the Lyffords, to think them influenced in their attachments by the worldly circumstances of their friends."

"Facts are the bases of my opinion," she answered carelessly. "I judge of the Lyffords, as I judge of all others—by what I know of them."

"You cannot mean that you think as poorly of them as your words would imply?"

"Mr. Tighe Lyfford may perhaps remember how much he admired my plain dealing years ago! I am still as frank as ever."

"But in all your charming frankness, years ago, there was no lack of charity."

"What you at that time mistook for charity was simply ignorance. I had not the same knowledge of the world then that I have now."

"I should be sorry to think, that knowledge of the world is destructive of charity;—but must, of course, defer," he added with mock gravity, "to the superior experience of one of Miss Lizzie Condon's years."

"Misfortune is no less sure a teacher than time," she returned gloomily.

"I sincerely hope," said the young man kindly, "that neither you nor yours have suffered from any new misfortune?"

"None, to speak of, since the fire."

"The fire? What fire? I heard of no fire."

"The fire in August, by which we lost almost every thing we had in the world."

"This is news to me; and sorry indeed am I to hear it!"

The tone of genuine sympathy with which this was spoken, softened in some degree the resentful feelings of Lizzie, and she continued with more cordiality,

"And it was a mercy that poor mother was not

burned in her bed, to which she had been confined for two or three weeks, by a violent attack of rheumatism. It was but a moment before the roof fell in that Nelly, who at another time would have been hardly able to lift her, brought her out of the house in her arms."

"You really shock me! 'Tis strange I did not hear something of this before. But as I was out of town at the time, and did not return till late in September, my mother, thinking, perhaps, that I already knew it, forgot to speak of it."

"I very much doubt," said Lizzie, the angry feeling returning, "that your mother knew any thing about it. If she did, she has never given any intimation of the fact to us."

Tighe was silent, for he knew that both himself and his mother had treated the Condons with marked neglect, and as he felt how difficult it would be to make any reasonable excuse for their conduct, he thought the most prudent thing he could do would be to say as little of the past as possible. Fortunately for him, he was at this moment relieved from the necessity of continuing the subject, by meeting a fellow who, by accident or design, ran between him and his companion, and nearly threw him into the street.

"Hello!" exclaimed Tighe, "what do you mean?"

"Hell high!" returned the fellow insolently, "and take care of your shins."

"You impudent scoundrel"—Tighe began. But the ruffian turning round, and pretending great fear, cried out,

"Hold him, pretty Lizzie, do! or he'll be sure to do me an injury."

"If we were by ourselves, my fine fellow," said Tighe, "I'd soon let you know what I'd do."

"You'd eat me, I s'pose, as old Paddy Lyfford used to eat his 'taters years ago, without salt."

This allusion to the nation and early poverty of his father—both of which he had been trying hard to forget—set Tighe almost beside himself with passion, when Lizzie, laying her hand upon his arm, said entreatingly,

"For my sake, Tighe, take no further notice of him."

"That's right, Sis," shouted the fellow after them as they walked away; "take him home, if you want to presarve the precious speciment for furdur exhibition, for if I oncet get hold on him, I'll not leave a hull bone in his hide. But look out for him, Beauty; he's nothing but a deluder, for the thing that can flutter among the big bugs of the 'Upper Ten'

won't care much for a poor little insect like you." And away he went whistling, "Possum up a gum tree."

Lizzie, angry with herself, for allowing Tighe to suppose, from her earnestness a few minutes before, that she still felt an interest in him, and angry also to think that there was but too much truth in the parting words of the ruffian, felt now no disposition to join in further conversation with her companion, to whom her replies were only in monosyllables, until they parted within a few yards of her own door.

## CHAPTER III.

It was quite dark when Nelly Condon left her mother's house, and fearing that she might be wanted by Miss Frothingham, who, she knew, was going out that evening—indeed there were few evenings that she did not go out—she did not, to use her own expressive phrase, “let the grass grow under her feet” on her way to the Fifth Avenue.

“You’ve a light foot and a fellow for it,” said some one at her elbow, as she was about to cross Tenth Street, “for you’ve kept me on the run for the last five minutes, trying to come up with you.”

“And how did you know ’twas me; Mark Hurley, you were in pursuit of all that time?” asked she, looking up in the face of the young man—for it was a young man, and a good-looking young man, too—with a smile as bright as that which shone on his own countenance.

“Now, do you think I could ever mistake an-



other for you?" he asked. "No, indeed, Nelly," he continued, "for though it were so dark that I couldn't see my hand before me, I'd know the pat of your little foot among a thousand."

"That's very prettily said, Mark," said Nelly with a pleasant laugh, "and if I'd time, I'd make you my best curtsy in return for it. But I haven't, for I must hurry home, to dress Miss Frothingham."

"If you would only listen to me, Nelly," said the young man earnestly, "you might now have a home of your own, instead of living under the roof of the stranger."

"My listening, Mark, would be of little use as things are. I cannot think only of my own comfort, while my mother and little brother stand in need of all the assistance I can render them."

"But your mother and brother need not lose your aid. Instead of that, they could have it as much as now, with mine to back it, for, as I've told you over and over again, they should come—mother, brother, and sister—and live with us, where, as you know, they would be as welcome as the flowers of May."

"I know that, Mark; and from my heart I thank you for your generous offer. But I am not one to ride a free horse to death. Were you in better cir-

cumstances, I would not so much object to burthen you with my family. But while you remain a journeyman, I will never consent to do it. Without making you happy, it would embitter every moment of my life, to see you bending beneath the weight of cares which she, who should be an aid and a comfort to you, was the means of laying upon you."

"But, Nelly—" he began.

"Pardon me, Mark," she said firmly, but still kindly; "but on this subject I will hear no more at present."

"But at some future time, when I get to be a boss?"

"You have my permission to renew it. Now let us speak of something else. When have you seen Tighe Lyfford?"

"Not lately, and—not to give you an ill answer, Nelly—I don't care much if I never see him again. Tighe has forgotten me since they made a gentleman of him. But that's no wonder, for he's quite forgotten himself, and wouldn't believe now that he's the same Tighe Lyfford who once lived in a kind of shanty in Stagg Town, where his father's first money was made by selling distilled abomination at two cents a glass, or three cents a half-pint."

"I have long been aware of the great change that

has taken place in Tighe, which I regret, as much for his own sake as that of poor Lizzie."

"Do you think she cared much for him?" asked Mark, kindly.

"I'm afraid she did," she answered, sighing, "although she would never acknowledge as much, even to me. Yet, what I took for a serious attachment, may have been, after all, only a girlish fancy for one she had known from childhood, which I sincerely hope, for from what I know, and from what I hear of him, I do not think he is likely now to bestow an honest thought upon her."

"Why, what do you hear?"

"Nothing positively bad, yet enough to destroy whatever hope poor Lizzie may have entertained. You know the female of the human family, whether she be lady or only *woman*, is very fond of, what you male creatures call 'gossip,' and no one ever loved it more than a certain Miss Crofoot, a young lady of a very *uncertain* age, who is so intimate with Miss Frothingham, that she runs in to see her at all hours, seasonable and unseasonable. From her talk about a Mr. Lyfford, who visits the Frothinghams, though I have never chanced to meet him, and who, I have reason to think, is no other than Tighe, I find he has become quite a great man in

‘Society,’ and the especial favourite of a Mrs. Grant Buckhurst, who, Miss Crofoot says, is one of the ‘fast women about town,’ though what ‘a fast woman’ is I really don’t know.”

“I suppose,” said Mark, laughing, “a fast woman is one, who, through her own charms and her husband’s means, does all she can to attract and astonish the idle and empty-headed, without allowing female delicacy to stand in her way. I’m not surprised, however, at what you tell me about Tighe. He is certainly handsome, and quite as much of a gentleman—in appearance—as the best among them, and while he has plenty of cash, will always be sure of a place in society. Yet it’s a little funny, isn’t it? to see the son of old Terry Lyfford on such intimate terms with people of fashion. However, if we knew all, there’s many a fashionable man, and woman too, I dare say, who has as little to boast of on the score of birth as Tighe himself.

“That there is,” said Nelly, “as I know from Miss Frothingham and that old Miss Crofoot, whose own grandfathers, I’ve been told, were, ‘lang syne,’ only a small grocer in the Bowery, and a shoe dealer in Maiden Lane. But here we are at the house, and I must now bid you good-night.”

"Well, good-night, Nelly, and God bless you," said Mark, shaking hands with her. "And it'll not be my fault if I'm not a boss before this day twelvemonth." He then turned to retrace his steps, more in love, if possible, than ever, with her whom he had loved since he worked an apprentice in the shop with her father, and as he proceeded homeward, he sang of his "own sweet will," but in a low tone, a song by no means inapplicable to her he had just left. It was called

*"My Dark Irish Girl."*

"I love all that's lovely, as other men do,  
But more than the lovely I love what is true;  
And brighter than diamonds—purer than pearl  
Is the truth that enhaloes my Dark Irish Girl."

"And yet is no goddess this dear girl of mine,  
Nor angel, nor aught you would fancy divine;  
For woman you see, by her lip's saucy curl,  
And mischievous glance, is my Dark Irish Girl."

"And scarce is she pretty; yet plain though she be  
In other men's eyes, she is lovely to me;  
For, knowing her goodness, that man were a churl  
Would beauty deny to my Dark Irish Girl."

"Nor yet is she learn'd, but sings like a bird,  
And her laugh is the sweetest that ever was heard;

While no breath of envy e'er sullied a pearl  
Diselosed by the lips of my Dark Irish Girl.

"But O beyond all that a woman can grace,  
A form without fault, and the loveliest face ;  
With eyes of twin sapphires, and teeth like the pearl,  
I prize the brave heart of my Dark Irish Girl."

## CHAPTER IV.

TIGHE LYFFORD was one of a very large class of young men, who, while they would regard as an insult, hardly to be atoned for by the shedding of blood, an imputation upon their veracity by any of their own sex, do not, in their intercourse with women, scruple to utter, or, what is the same thing, act a lie when it is to subserve their purposes. It suited the humour of Tighe this evening to waste half an hour on Lizzie Condon, but, seeing her unwillingness to accept his company, he thought to silence her objection to his presence by the utterance of, what is charitably called, "a white lie," in pretending that their roads lay together, when, in fact, they were in opposite directions, as was proven the moment she disappeared within the house, by his immediately turning to retrace his steps.

"What a splendid creature it is!" he soliloquized, as he walked back at a pretty quick pace. "Pity

she's so devilish poor. What a sensation she would create in society, if she had but a tithe of the money thrown away upon that pink-cheeked, flaxen-haired doll, Minna Frothingham, who is forever mistaking silliness for simplicity, and pertness for wit. Yet Minna Frothingham is a very goddess to a crowd of worshippers, some of them, too, regarded as among the finest intellects of the day; while Lizzie Condon, infinitely her superior in every thing—but one—is doomed to pass through life comparatively unnoticed and uncared for. Well, I suppose it is all as it should be. The one, to be sure, is only aquamarine, and the other a diamond of the purest water; yet it is aquamarine superbly set, while the diamond is still encrusted with its native earth; but, as most of us can judge of the setting, and very few know any thing of the real value of the jewel it contains, it is no wonder that, in this instance, aquamarine should be preferred by the many to the diamond itself. Gods, how I loved that girl! And I'm not sure that I do not love her still, for my heart was strangely fluttered when I encountered her this evening, and has hardly recovered its usual calm pulsation yet. But this will never do. I must think no more of love and Lizzie Condon. It won't pay."



As he came to this conclusion, he found himself face to face with Mike Mulvey, or "Veto Mike," as he was called by the least reputable part of his acquaintances, the fellow who had insulted him a few minutes before, who now placed himself directly in his way. He was a notorious bully, hardly as tall as Tighe, but stouter, and much more strongly built, with a countenance expressive of the most brutal ferocity, now doubly inflamed with rum and rage. But whatever might have been the vices and weaknesses of Tighe's character, and they were not few, cowardice was not of the number, and instead of diverging from his path in the least, on account of the obstacle before him, he coolly put forth his hand to push him aside. This the ruffian resisted; and the next moment, by a well-directed blow, was sent reeling into the street.

Tighe would then have passed on; but the brawler was not to be gotten rid of so easily, and returning to the walk, swore, with an oath too horrible to be repeated, that he would have immediate satisfaction for the insult he had so wantonly provoked. Tighe would have gladly avoided a fight in the public street, but the cry of a "muss" having been raised, a crowd was by this time drawn around them, and no alternative was left him;—fight he must. So

throwing his cloak to a bystander, he turned manfully to the work he had to do, and did it; for, by his admirable science, he prevented his antagonist, who was no match for him in a fair stand up fight, from closing with him, and, in less than ten minutes, the bully owned himself beaten, and left the scene of his discomfiture, swearing that he would yet have his heart's blood for this.

"You have given that fellow a lesson he will not soon forget," said the person who had held Tighe's cloak. "But I hope you are not hurt?"

"No, I believe not," answered Tighe, walking on with the stranger. "He hammered away at me, however, at a pretty good rate, and some of his hits must have told, I dare say, although I do not feel them yet; but as long as he has not left his mark on my face, I do not so much care."

"You may thank your science that he did not, for physically, he was more than a match for you. I was passing at the moment the fray began, and, from a Quixottic love of justice, stopped to see fair play. He pitched into you like one who had an old grudge to satisfy."

"And such, no doubt, he had. We were acquaintances years ago, when I trounced him soundly once for some impertinence to a little female friend, and

ever since he has entertained for me a most cordial hatred."

"I thought as much," said his companion. "But here we are at my door. Will you not walk in, and 'wash the filthy witness from your hands,' of your late encounter, and rest a little after your exercise?"

"Thank you; but"—Tighe began.

"O, never mind your appearance. There are no ladies here," he added, sadly, "to be shocked at the sight of your bloody hands and disordered dress." And Tighe, who felt the need of an ablution, and would not be sorry of a little rest, did not wait for any further pressing, but entered the dwelling of his new friend, who, having taken him first to his own room, where soap and water were liberally supplied, then conducted him to the parlour.

The house into which Tighe was now introduced was one of a row of respectable brick tenements, in a narrow and obscure street, that to the eye of one accustomed to the palatial residences of the "Upper Ten," seemed uncomfortably small, and the old-fashioned furniture of its single parlour, plain even to meanness. But though small and plain, this parlour was certainly neat; and the pleasant fire in the grate, and the light of the bright solar lamp on the well-polished mahogany

table drawn up near the hearth, gave it an appearance of cheerful comfort not always to be found in the *salons* of fashion, from which the presence of children, a girl of twelve or fourteen and a boy of ten, did not in any wise detract.

"Come, Molly, pet," said the host to his little daughter, who had been hearing her brother recite his lesson, "let us have a cup of Geery's best young hyson, and some nice toast of your own making, and let this gentleman see what a clever little housekeeper your father has." And with a cheerful alacrity that older persons would do well to emulate, the little maiden flew to do her father's bidding, and in a few minutes sent to summon them to the basement, where the tea-table was set, and at which she presided with matronly dignity, although her tiny hand had hardly strength to raise the teapot from the tray.

While at tea, Tighe examined, more particularly than he had yet done, the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself. The father, though probably under fifty, was the remnant only of a once handsome man, for the figure, that had been tall and well proportioned, was now bent and wasted, the thick brown locks were thin and faded, and the naturally joyous countenance had, when in re-

pose, a look of melancholy very saddening to behold. Yet much of their early fire would flash at times from his deep-set dark eyes, a smile of native humour hover about his very expressive mouth, and in his voice, though of course less full than formerly, lingered many tones of its original sweetness. Mary was like what her father had been at her age, with a shade of melancholy on her fair young brow that enlisted in her favour the sympathy of the most careless observer, for it was so sad to see a flower of such loveliness bending its delicate head before the storms of life, while Willie, a fat, and rather sleepy looking little individual, was, probably like the mother for whom they were still in mourning, very fair, with soft blue eyes and light curly hair, but without any thing else about him to attract the eye of the passing stranger.

Having spent an hour very pleasantly with his new acquaintances, Tighe took his leave to return to his hotel, for the purpose of dressing for a party up town. And there we will leave him for the present, while we speak of some things which, though apparently unimportant were not without their influence in producing certain events in the life of one whose history we have undertaken to write.

## CHAPTER V.

ABOUT two years before the time at which our story begins, the beauty of a row of very handsome houses, in one of the finest streets east of Broadway, was sadly marred by the presence of a miserable old tenement in the old Dutch style of architecture—gable front,—that stood in a leaning position, almost in the centre of it, which seemed ready to tumble on the head of the passer-by before any “cap full of wind” that might chance to blow upon it. It was a grievous eyesore to the whole neighbourhood, which was composed entirely of “new people,” and many of the rich property holders there, who saw no other way of removing the nuisance, offered very liberally for the purchase of it. But it could not be bought; for the widow Lyfford, “sole executioner,” as she called herself, of the late owner, was restrained by the will of the testator from alienating any portion of his bequest until the younger of his heirs, a girl of six, should attain her majority.

But though unable to sell, she was at perfect liberty to make such improvements in the property as in her judgment she might think most likely to add to its value ; and so, to silence the complaints of her neighbours, and gratify the pride of Tighe, who to excuse his long absences from home, said he was ashamed to be seen going in and coming out of such a rookery, she resolved to build, and build, too, what no one could with any reason object to ; for she would put up as handsome a front as any in the whole street, and there were certainly some very handsome ones, with a massive brown stone "stoop," and beautiful French windows—just then introduced into that quarter of the town—and every thing that a fashionable front should have, without regard to expense.

Well, the front of the old house was taken down, and a trench dug for the foundation of the new. The neighbours were in ecstasies. They were at last to have a row of which they might be justly proud. But though they looked every day to see the old tenement vacated, that the work of demolition might be fully carried out, no such thing was to be seen. Mrs. Lyfford had promised to put up a front that no one could find fault with ; and she would keep her word ; but, as she had promised nothing more, nothing more would she do, for if she thought, as she

certainly did think, that the old house was good enough for her, what was it the business of any one else? she would like to know. So, while the old front was succeeded by a stately new one, the old house underwent no further change, being in this respect like Mrs. Lyfford herself when dressed for the public, outwardly very fine indeed, but interiorly nothing but sordid meanness.

About the time that Tighe sat down to tea with his new friend, Mrs. Lyfford was sitting in the dingy parlour of the old house—if parlour it could be called—where “things new and old,” in the shape of such furniture as had been purchased in Chatham Square for “little or nothing,” were huddled together, without much regard to order or fitness, with one of her dearest cronies, discussing various subjects of great interest—to themselves, and moistening whatever might be dry in their conversation by draughts from a pitcher of beer, that stood on the round oaken table between them.

“But,” said the crony, in reply to some remark of Mrs. Lyfford’s, more complimentary to herself than the friend whose character they had been dissecting, “you was always a different kind of parson from her, Mrs. Luffurt, dear. You know what it is to airn money, an’ how to keep it after it is airned.”



"True for you, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Lyfford, with an air of supreme satisfaction, "for when me good man, rest his sowl! was out about his con-thracts, wasn't I turning the pinny at home in our bit of a store? And what would it signify all we had whin he died, if I'd sot meself down and took me comfort, instead of setting meself to work to carry on the business as he left it? Why bless your dear heart, from the moment the breath was out of his body till this, I've never allowed a stranger to meddle or make in my affairs. At the time of a death, you know, one is very apt to leave the funeral arrangements to one's friends, and its beyont telling the money that's wasted by their bad management. But what d'ye think I did? Why I sent for the undhertaker meself, and before I'd let him lay a finger on the corpse to measure it, I made me bargain with him for the coffin and hearse and carriages, and, I'll warrant you, I didn't give him his price by a long shot. Then, instead of having me murning made right up, as most people do, and place themselves at the marcy of milliners and dhressmakers, and the like, I borried of a neighbour what sarved me turn for wan day, and didn't buy a thing for more than a week afther, whin one stormy day I put on the worst duds I had, and wint down to Shtewart's, where I

passed meself off for a poor widdy, and got all I wanted for amost nothing."

"It takes you!" said the crony, with a laugh of hearty admiration, "and I own meself bet, though I'm not one to sell my hen of a rainy day."

"That you ar'n't, indeed, Mrs. Smith," said the complaisant Mrs. Lyfford, with a complimentary nod.

"But though a prudent woman, Mrs. Luffurt dear," continued Mrs. Smith, "no wan can say you've not done your juty to your childer. The edication of Tighe alone must ha' cost you a power o' money."

"More than you would think; for though he was through college whin his father died, he had all his law studies before him, and I had thim to pay for, and the cargo of books he wanted, besides having to clothe and feed him all the time he was in Mr. Fetheredge's office."

"Yes, but money spent on edication is money well laid out. See what a gintleman you've made of him; and, besides that, I dar' say, for every dollar he's cost you, he'll pay you ten."

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Lyfford, but in rather a dubious tone; "but betune ourselves, he hasn't given me the first red cint yet. I care little for that, however, as long as I know he's able to go into the best company in town."

“That he is,” said crony, “as I very well know; for I seen him meself in Broadway only last Monday, with two ladies that, to my sartain knowledge are the raal tip tops, for my brother’s daughter, Biddy Mooney, lived with wan of them whin she first cam over, before I tuk her from sarvice and sent her to a trade. Now I shouldn’t wonder if, some of these days, me gentleman brings you home wan of these fine ladies for a daughter-in-law.”

“It’s a lady I hope he’ll bring me, if he brings me any, or he’ll have brought his pigs to a purty market, after all he’s cost me; for I do assure you, my dear Mrs. Smith, sence I know it ’ill go no further, that he hasn’t made as much at the law as would pay his office rint, much less for the room he keeps at the Astor, to be near his business, as he says.”

“You don’t tell me that?”

“Indeed I do. But dhrink that dhrop o’ beer, woman, before it dies.”

“Do you know,” said Mrs. Smith, having set down the glass she had emptied, and wiped her mouth with her apron, “it was thought at wan time, that Master Tighe and Arthur Condon’s pretty daughter, Lizzie, was likely to make a match of it?”

“And so they were, and so they would ha’ done before this,” replied Mrs. Lyfford, “if I had let things

go on in their ould way. But, me dear life! I knew a trick worth two o' that. 'Out o' sight, out o' mind,' says I, and so, without appearing to interfere at all, I contrived, by dropping by degrees meself the acquaintance of the Condons, to break aff the great intimacy betune the families, till the boy had a chance of looking about him, and seeing other faces that, if not as purty as hers, maybe, were newer at any rate, and that is just as good; and whin me Beauty—who has a sperit of her own—fancied herself slighted, she mounted the high horse, and, whew! away she wint at a terrible rate, and hasn't, for this long time, so much as looked to the side o' the street where Toighe might happen to be."

"Now that's what I call management," said the admiring Mrs. Smith. "Another woman would ha' tried advice, a thing that none of us likes, or gone into a passion with her son, and that would only ha' been to blow the coal to keep it burnin'; but by parting them as you did, the fire naterally went out of itself. A good plan that, and I sha'n't forget it if any o' my wans should want to marry where I don't like. But, bless my heart! how I'm a stayin', and my ould man not had his supper yet. Now this is all your fault, Mrs. Luffurt dear, for whin I wance get into your company, I can't bear to tear meself

away." And, with many promises of "running around soon," the friends separated, and Mrs. Lyfford returned to her usual, and more appropriate sitting room—the kitchen.

But, although her old man had not had his supper yet, Mrs. Smith could not help turning a little out of her way in going home, to call, just for a moment, upon poor dear Mrs. Condon, ostensibly to enquire after the rheumatiz of that good woman, and the health of all her family, but really for the purpose of talking over Mrs. Lyfford, who had become so stuck up, since she had got the handling of the ould contractor's money, that there was no such thing as touching her with a ten-foot pole; though she remembered the day well, and so, she was sure, must Mrs. Condon too, when that same Mrs. Lyfford had as little to brag of as the poorest of the dacent people she now pretended to look down upon. Her object was palpable. She wished to provoke the Condons into some remark, that might be repeated to their disadvantage in her next confab with "Mrs. Luffurt, dear." But in this she failed. Neither Mrs. Condon nor Lizzie was disposed to encourage the well-known propensity of the amiable Mrs. Smith for backbiting and talebearing, and by their silence gave their worthy neighbour to understand, that the

subject she had chosen was one they did not wish to have prolonged. The consequence was, or rather the consequences were, that her stay was a short one, and her husband, whom she had left at home to take care of the baby, got his supper full half an hour earlier that evening than if she had met with more indulgent auditors.

## CHAPTER VI.

Nor much like, or rather, very much unlike, the poor and scantily-furnished apartment of Mrs. Condon, the small parlour, with its old-fashioned furniture, of Tighe's acquaintance of the street, or the dingy and crowded make-believe in which clever Mrs. Lyfford lately sat gossiping with her crony, were the rooms in which, about nine o'clock this evening, Tighe Lyfford made his appearance, where, without any ostentatious display of wealth, every thing—from the pictures on the walls, the furniture and knicknackeries, down to the carpets on the floors—spoke of the ample means and refined taste of their most amiable mistress, whose aim seemed to be less to excite the admiration and envy of her guests, than to contribute to their pleasure. Indeed few things of the kind could be pleasanter than an evening at Mrs. Everest's, where one was always sure of meeting some of the most agreeable people in town—men, and women, too, who had something

more to recommend them than mere money, or even fashion;—and many a gay party has been deserted for the weekly “Reception” of Mrs. Everest, though it was well known that “the feast of reason” was the only feast offered at her house for the entertainment of her friends.

It was only nine, yet the rooms were quite full, for it was an understood thing, that all were to come early and to leave early, and the most agreeable of sounds, the sound of human voices, in earnest or gay discourse, fell pleasantly upon the ear of Tighe, before he received the cordial welcome of the charming hostess, with whom he was evidently a favourite, as indeed he appeared to be with most of the people there, for friendly smiles and words of kind recognition, with now and then a warm shake of the hand, met him wherever he turned.

“Ah, Lyfford,” said a neat sample of young manhood, done up in a very small parcel, extending one hand, while with the other he played affectionately with an incipient moustache, “how are you, old boy? You haven’t given me that for the ‘City’ yet.”

This was Mr. Stacey Dapper, a young man of good family, who, not content with a situation in a highly respectable mercantile house, in which he might one



day become a partner, had lately set up for a literary man, and a patron of literature, although he had neither brains for the one, nor any visible means for the other.

"Really, Dapper," answered Tighe, "I've been so busy."

"You're a sad, idle fellow," said the little man, shaking his head. "But come," he added, in a low voice, "be industrious for once, and dash me off an article on Mrs. Puddingstone's ball last week, and you'll find ten dollars at the desk in exchange for the manuscript."

"I'll try," said Tighe, and moved towards Miss Frothingham.

"O," said that young lady, making room for him on the sofa where she was sitting, "I'm so glad you're come, for I felt quite alone among these queer people, who, Crofoot says—she's getting to be dreadfully blue, poor dear!—are all authors of one kind or another, and I've been afraid to open my mouth since I came in, for fear that some of them would put me in their books. I hope you a'n't literary, Mr. Lyfford?"

"Don't know what that is, really," answered Tighe with a drawl, much affected then, and it may be still, by a certain class of fashionable young men,

when conversing with a certain class of fashionable young ladies.

"How provoking you are! I mean, you know, did you ever write a book, or any thing o' that sort?"

"Never wrote a book, or in a book, since I was a boy at school, 'pon my honour, though I'm not sure that my name may not have been written very often in the books of others."

"I'm glad of that, for though I like reading well enough, and all that, I always thought it rather low to be an author."

"O, deuced low."

"Now, I wonder how Mrs. Everest, who really is somebody, and quite rich, too, can fill her house, night after night, with such people, when she could get plenty of 'us' only for asking."

"Stupid of her, 'pon my word."

"Yet most of these are very well dressed," continued Miss Frothingham, raising her glass to her eye, "quite like ladies and gentlemen, and vastly well behaved too, and, if I had met them anywhere but here, I should have thought them really admissible into good society."

"You would have been egregiously mistaken then, I assure you," again drawled Tighe. "Some

of them, 'tis true, have gained considerable distinction abroad as poets and novelists, statesmen and divines, and things of that sort, but have done nothing yet to entitle them to admission to 'our set.' There's not one of them known in Wall Street, and I doubt if the combined savings of the whole would enable any individual among them to keep up an establishment on the Avenue."

"You wicked man!" said the lady, with affected anger, and rapping him pretty smartly with her fan, "I do believe you are making fun of me."

"O, indeed you wrong me," said Tighe, in a tone of deprecation. "My profound respect for Miss Frothingham would never suffer me to take so great a liberty. But will you not walk, and hear what these people have to say? Some of them talk very well, I assure you."

"I shall be delighted," she answered rising, and taking his arm, "for it must be so funny to hear an author talk without his books. But who are these?" she asked, as they passed a group of four or five, who seemed to be making themselves very merry with the nonsense of one of their party. "Can they be authors too?"

"Every one of them. And the thin, pale young man, with whose buffoonery the others are so much

amused, is the author of the 'Fairy Tryst,' a poem of the purest sentiment and most delicate fancy—a perfect gem, or, to use the expressive language of a lady friend of ours, 'a real love of a thing.' ”

“ I believe I have not seen it, but will send to Appleton's for it to-morrow, for I'm so fond of poetry ! only, somehow or other, I don't always understand it.”

“ You are not singular in that, for very few do. The object of the poet of our times, seems to be rather to conceal his thoughts, if he have any, than to express them in his verses. One must read him, however, whether he understands him or not, if he is at all fashionable. I do.”

“ O so do I. Well, who are those ? ” she asked, pointing to a knot of men of foreign appearance, “ bearded like the pard,” but American in speech, who had got into a corner by themselves, and whose enjoyment of something that one of the party was relating almost exceeded “ the limits of becoming mirth.”

“ Artists all, and very clever ones too, whose works, although, as you see, they are quite young men, have already won them the only kind of opinions that are worth trying for—substantial ‘ golden ’ ones.”

"But surely, those ladies," said Miss Frothingham, pointing to a third group, "whose style of dress and manner are so entirely that of women of fashion, cannot be authoresses?"

"Three of them are," answered Tighe. "Those two, with the dark brown hair and eyes to match, are the sister poetesses of the West—the tragic and comic muse, as we call them—whose beautiful 'Lays and Legends' have brought tears from the brightest eyes, and sunshine to the saddest hearts in Gotham; and the lady in spectacles, whose silver hair looks still more silvery under that gossamer cap, is one of the most learned women of the day, who speaks nothing but Hebrew or Chaldaic in her family, and puts her grand-children to sleep with songs from Hesiod and the elder Greek poets."

"Mocker!" said the lady, shaking her light curls reprovingly at him, but at the same time looking up in his face with a smile, that said as plainly as a smile could say, "You're a dear pleasant creature, for all that." Then suddenly exclaimed, as she pointed to a very beautiful woman, who was standing with Mrs. Everest, just outside of a circle, that had been formed around two gentlemen, who were engaged in an earnest, but amicable discussion of some subject that seemed greatly to interest the lis-

teners, "Well, I declare, if there is not Madame de Luynes!"

"Madame la Baronne?" asked Tighe.

"Yes; but she has dropped her title since the death of her husband, because, as she says, it sounded so *un-American*. How foolish! Do you know her?"

"I have not that honour."

"Then let me introduce you."

"With pleasure," and they walked towards her. But she prevented the introduction at that moment, by holding up her finger as they approached, and showing, by the motion of her head, that she was anxious to hear what the gentlemen had to say. In the most earnest of these Tighe was pleased to recognize his acquaintance of the street.

## CHAPTER VII.

"THE distinction," Tighe's friend was saying as they drew near, "which many pretend to draw between the poet and the rest of mankind, is purely arbitrary. They tell us, that being of a different nature from ours, placed 'among men, but not of them,' with thoughts and feelings unlike the thoughts and feelings of ordinary mortals, and holding converse only with the beings that people the realms of imagination—creatures impalpable to the vulgar sense—it is not to be expected that he should go out of himself, so far as to sympathize in the joys and sorrows which agitate the breasts of those who are doomed to plod heavily on through this 'working-day world.'

"This to me is mere twaddle; for, in my opinion, no one feels more sensibly, or acknowledges more heartily, than the true poet the bond of brotherhood that so tenderly, yet so strongly, binds together the

whole family of man. He owns a common nature with us; and though the poetic expression, or the power to clothe one's thoughts and feelings in the beautiful and appropriate language of the poet, may be granted to very few, he knows that the thoughts and feelings themselves, which, after all, are the real jewels in the golden settings of his verse, are native to the minds and hearts of all. The tender regret that breathes so sweetly in the lines to a Mountain Daisy, that

'Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower'

turned down by the share of the Ayrshire Ploughman, has been felt by thousands, who, by some cruel necessity, have been hurried into similar acts of destruction. In her passionate outburst of grief, and the ingenuity of sorrow, with which poor Hinda seeks to increase the sum of her present misery, by the enumeration of former mishaps and disappointments:—

'I knew, I knew it could not last!—  
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!  
Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away;



I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But, when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die!—

the Arab maiden has been imitated in lands where  
 the story of her misfortunes was never told. And  
 the melancholy experience that suggested these  
 beautifully mournful lines,—

'There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,  
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay:  
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone that fades so  
 fast,  
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone ere youth itself be past'—

has chilled, if not forever frozen, the spring of hope  
 that gushes up in the heart of youth in others as well  
 as Byron, who have found how soon the sweetness  
 of earthly enjoyments palls upon the taste, or is  
 turned to vinegar mingled with gall.

"The same feeling of profound adoration which  
 inspired that sublime hymn of Coleridge's, when in  
 the Vale of Chamouni he

'Worshipped the Invisible alone,'

has filled the soul of many an unlettered wanderer  
 amid the solitudes of our

'Own green forest land.'

And numberless are they, to whom Childe Harold is  
a sealed book, who, in gazing out upon the limitless  
expanse of ocean, that

‘Glorious mirror where the Almighty’s form  
Glasses itself in tempests,’

and which seems so true a type of eternity—without  
beginning and without end—have felt their spirits  
stirred by emotions like unto those of the poet to  
whom we are indebted for some of the noblest verses  
in the English tongue: while the yearning after  
knowledge of the unseen world, and the fate of those  
who have passed before us through the dark passage  
of the grave, which forms the keynote of the solemn  
strain that breathes throughout one of the most orig-  
inal of modern compositions, the ‘Raven’ of Poe, is  
as familiar to the heart of the rude son of the wilder-  
ness, as that of the speculative and daring philoso-  
pher, who, not content with tracking the stars to their  
hiding places, would foolishly attempt to ‘pluck out  
the heart of the mystery’ of God himself.

“The poet then,” he continued—for so charmed  
were all around him, more, however, with the man-  
ner of the speaker than the matter of his argument,  
that no one seemed disposed to interrupt him—“may  
be called the interpreter of man’s thoughts and feel-

ings to himself; the oracle, as it were, of the divinity shrined within the breast of each one among us; and as such ever has had, and ever must have a strong hold upon the affection of those with whom he is so closely connected, and to whom his verse becomes a medium of communication between the scattered members of the human family, of the hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows that make up the life of man. He heightens our pleasures, by the heartiness with which he enters into the participation of them, and we bear our burthen of griefs more patiently when we know there is one standing by ready to share it with us. The interest he shows in all that interests us commands our gratitude, we listen with reverence to the teachings of one of whom it may be said—if without hyperbole it can be said of any—that

‘Truths divine come mended from his tongue;’

and if, through human weakness, he fall by the way-side, like the dutiful sons of Noah we respectfully throw over him the mantle of charity, and turn away our faces that we may not witness his abasement.”

“Well,” said the gentleman who had called forth these remarks, “granting what you say, that the poet is of a like nature with us, you must admit, that,

from his peculiar organization, he is quite unfit to discharge the duties that belong to his condition as man, and consequently subject to ills that no other 'flesh is heir to.' "

"I do not admit any thing of the kind, for, by so doing, I should charge with injustice Him who is in all things Just, and would not condemn any sentient being to a state of existence for which he was altogether unfit. That there is much in the world, as man—not as God—has made it, for which the poet, if possessed of that nice moral sense by which he should be distinguished, is hardly fit, no one will deny. But it does not therefore follow that the ordinary duties of life are necessarily below or above his capacity, for I have yet to learn that the author of 'Paradise Lost' was ever charged by Cromwell or his parliament, whose Latin secretary he was, with unfitness for his place; that Pope's patrimony suffered from his devotion to the art he cultivated; that Rogers was a worse banker for being the poet of Memory, or that Longfellow's duties, as professor, have been neglected for 'Evangeline' or the 'Golden Legend,' while we all know that Sprague, and Bryant, and Halleck, and many others, whose claim to the title of poets will hardly be questioned, are eminently practical men.

"It is unhappily too true, however, that the poet is often to be found among the most wretched of the sons of men. Of this we have a melancholy proof in the history of Chatterton,

'The sleepless boy who perished in his pride ;'

of Burns,

'A nation's glory and her shame ;'

of Byron, whose genius has shed a never-fading glory upon a name that no monarch could have ennobled as he has done ; of Dermody, who flashed a meteor athwart the literary horizon of his native land, and was suddenly extinguished, and of our own Poe, scarcely inferior in genius to the greatest of these, whose career was marked by such extremes of folly as to lead the charitable to suppose them the effect of insanity. The first of these, by a series of literary forgeries, so admirably executed as to confound the learned of his own day, and give rise to a war of pens that has not ceased even yet, having drawn upon himself the gaze of admiring thousands, died in a state of miserable destitution—and by his own hand!—at the early age of eighteen. The second, whose songs will remain as long as love and hope, and joy and sorrow shall find a dwelling place in the

human heart, lived in a continued struggle between the nobility of his genius and the unhallowed desires of a perverted nature, and—if we are to believe the last words he ever penned, forwarded immediately after his death to his friend Rankin, to whom they were addressed,

‘Now Rhymer Rab lies cauld and dead;  
A grassy hillock hides his head:—  
A dev’lish change indeed!’—

died without hope!

“The history of Byron is well known. Born to high rank, possessed of extraordinary beauty, and endowed with genius of the loftiest kind, his life was a constant warfare, provoked, in a great measure, indeed, by his own aggressive temper, until—not, I believe, from any real love of popular liberty, for he was not only socially, but at heart an aristocrat, but from the wish to lose the sense of suffering in the fever of excitement,—he threw it from him in the classic land of which he loved so well to sing. But the waste of talent in such men as Dermody and Poe, brothers not more in genius, than in the abuse of the wonderful gifts which the Almighty had so liberally bestowed upon them, is most pitiable to behold, and we naturally turn from the contemplation of it with feelings of sorrow and humiliation.

“But are we to infer from all this, that wretchedness is, of necessity, the lot of the poet? That, by the decree of a beneficent Creator, he who contributes so largely to the stock of human happiness, should not have even a small portion of comfort to his own share? That, with the flowers which bloom perennially in his verse for the delight of others, and the treasures of thought that are scattered by him among the multitude with so liberal a hand, his own path through life should be barren, and he be ‘poor indeed?’ Or that he who is in endowments only ‘a little lower than the angels,’ the tenderness of whose heart, and the delicate structure of whose mind, render him so susceptible to all that is loveable, or beautiful, or grand in nature, should be denied the enjoyments common to the meanest creature in human form, that eats, and sleeps, and dies—and is no more thought of? It cannot be. God did never so order it. And if the poet be more unhappy than the rest of mankind, the fault is not in his organization, not in the decrees of an ever-just Providence, but in the waywardness of his own will, in the undisciplined desires of his own heart. Forgetting to whom he is indebted for all in which he differs from his less gifted brother, he suffers his imagination to go ‘after strange gods,’ and when he

would clasp to his heart the object of his adoration—the Fame he has so eagerly pursued—finds too often he has but embraced a cloud.

“Now, the great cause of the poet’s unhappiness is, in my opinion, his want of religion. I do not mean the mere religious sentiment. That is common to all poets. It is the one spark from Heaven that glimmers through the pantheism of Emerson and the heathenism of Keats; the one thread of gold that mingles with the dark web of Shelley’s skepticism; the one pure gem, from some pillaged shrine of Catholic devotion, that lights up the misty transcendentalism of Longfellow and Lowell. But mere sentiment is not religion; and religion, to be of any benefit to its possessor, must be of that kind which not only regulates one’s actions in his intercourse with the world, but every thought of the mind, and every emotion of the heart.”

“Such a religion, my dear friend,” interposed his opponent, “if it did not wholly impede the flight of the poet’s spirit, would render him, whose voice should be heard in thunder tones among the nations, fit only to ‘babble o’ green fields.’”

“I think not so; neither, I am quite sure, in your heart do you,” was the reply. “Would the energies of him whose mind is free from the gross thoughts



of earth, and whose heart has been touched with fire from the altar, be likely to be less active or less powerful than his who is the slave of every unholy and degrading passion? Would there have been less tenderness in the song of Burns, if the love of which he sings had been always pure? less strength in the majestic line of Byron, if therewith there had been twined no hate but that of the world's tyranny and wrong? or less significance in the verse of Poe, if his faith had taught him that there are spiritual beings—'angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect'—with existences as positive as his own? and surely none of these would have been less happy, when driven to and fro upon the tempestuous billows of life, to know that he was in no danger of shipwreck, since for his frail bark there was ever 'an anchor fixed in Heaven.'"

"Yet, with all his religion, Cowper was far from being happy."

"He was probably more happy with his religion, dark and cheerless as was the faith he chose, than he would have been without it. But then you must remember, that Cowper was mad before he was known as a poet, and his religion was only a new and a milder form of his old malady. If, however, you would see the healthful action of religion

upon the mind and the heart of the poet, you will find it in a book I read lately—the Life of Gerald Griffin, the Irish poet and novelist, written by his brother. This celebrated man at an early age made choice of literature as a profession, and, from a just appreciation of his talents, this choice received the sanction of those he was accustomed to look up to as the advisers of his youth. But as he saw no means of carrying out his plan in his own country, he determined upon making trial of some other, and when only nineteen, an age which, except, perhaps, by ‘Young America,’ is regarded as little more than that of boyhood, ‘with a few pounds in one pocket and a brace of tragedies in the other,’ he left his quiet and obscure home in Ireland, to throw himself into the maelstrom of London, where he does not seem to have had more than a single acquaintance. His quest, of course, like that of every other poet, young or old, was fame, and though he felt the necessity of making his pen administer to his natural wants, he never for a moment regarded fortune but as a means in the attainment of his darling object; ‘for,’ as says his affectionate biographer, ‘in him, above all men that ever lived or wrote, was the passion of literature least mixed up with the desire of gain.’

“His quest was fame. But who can tell the difficulties that environed him in his search? At every step he met with some obstacle. The tragedies, from which he had expected every thing, were read and praised—but were not accepted, and the only one of his dramatic pieces of which we know any thing in this country—‘Gisippus’—was not brought upon the stage till after his death. The writings for the weekly publications, by which he hoped to support himself in decency, until he could accomplish some work that should make his name known, were readily enough printed, but he ‘was cheated abominably’ when he expected payment for them; and while his articles for the great magazines were generally inserted, there ‘was so much shuffling and shabby work’ when he demanded remuneration for them, that he became disgusted and nearly lost all heart.

“Were it not for the lessons it inculcates—lessons of patience, perseverance and faith—one would hardly be willing to follow the painful career of this young man, up the steep and thorny path he had chosen to pursue, pinched as he too often was by hunger, and worn almost to a skeleton, by the efforts he was daily and nightly making to obtain even ‘a little portion of the good luck that was going on

about' him. But he did not despair. He did not sit idly down and 'call upon Hercules.' He did not for a moment—however burthensome it might have become at times—meditate the casting away of God's great gift of life. He did not seek to drown the sense of suffering in the Lethe of intoxication. He had an end to gain, and in *his* vocabulary there was 'no such word as FAIL.' He manfully breasted the height; grappled with the difficulties in his way, and overcame them; and, at the early age of twenty-seven, the poor, unknown, unfriended Irish boy had reached the very summit of his wishes, and was in a condition to dictate terms to the booksellers of London. That to the consciousness of power, and the spirit of endurance with which he was endued, may be attributed much of his success in life, is no doubt true. But his patience in suffering; his magnanimity, when placed in the chair of the censor, in judging favourably the very player who had kept him in suspense for four long months, waiting an opinion of the tragedy on which his hopes, not only of fame, but even of a subsistence, had been placed, and then returning it in an open parcel, and without a word; his humility in success, and earnest sorrow for even an unintentional wrong, all sprang from something more ennobling than either the consciousness of

power, or the natural spirit of endurance—and that something was the religion which his pious and enlightened Christian mother had planted in the garden of her young son's mind, ere the follies and vices of the world had been allowed to take root there, and which her fostering care, with the assistance of God's grace, brought to such maturity in after life."

"Yet, with all his cleverness," said Miss Crofoot—who, besides being something of a '*blue*,' set up for a liberal in religion, in other words a person of no religion at all—"the man was certainly very weak in some respects, and sought the indulgence of a morbid fancy by the practices of a devotion entirely unsuited to the spirit of the age; or, not having succeeded in the literary world as he thought he deserved, wished to conceal his disappointment in the cloister."

"You express, my dear madam," said the speaker courteously, "only a too common opinion of this young man; yet it is one which, if you will look into his life, I think you will find not to be well founded. It is true that, when quite young, he withdrew entirely from society, and entered the religious order of the '*Brothers of the Christian Schools*.' But the members of this order do not spend their time altogether in practices of devotion,

or in mere contemplation. Their duties are of a more active, and, according to the notions of us who live in the world, of a more useful kind,—the education of the poor;—and to those duties he devoted himself while his energies were in all their freshness and vigour. But the author of the ‘*Collegians*’ was no visionary. The mind that could conceive, and the hand that could execute the admirable portraits of Hardress Cregan, Danny Mann, Lowry Looby, and Eily O’Connor were not those of a visionary; and he was certainly no disappointed author. His success had been almost unparalleled. His ‘*Tales of the Munster Festivals*,’ and the novel of the ‘*Collegians*’—a work of wonderful power and beauty—having placed his name in the first rank of writers of fiction in the English language, he had the command of fortune in his own hands. But he had learned the hollowness and utter worthlessness of every worldly pursuit, and how little the gratification of our most earnest desires for fame can satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit; and the religion which had preserved him pure in mind and in heart amid the temptations of a London life, now taught him to look with a serious gaze upon that eternity towards which we are all so rapidly borne by time. The salvation of his soul became to him then a subject of deep con-

sideration. It was of more value than the applause of millions. And wisely resolving to set about a work that, if it is ever to be done, must be done at once, he consecrated to the service of Him from whom he had received them all, his manhood, his strength, his intellect, and his life, and left the world to pity his weakness or wonder at his infatuation. And now," he added, with a laugh, as he withdrew from the circle, "as I have treated you, ladies and gentlemen, to an impromptu lecture, I think you can do no less on your parts than to delegate some one to go round with a hat."

"If you will throw those remarks into an article," said Dapper, taking hold of him as he passed, "and let me have it for next week's 'City,' I will pay you whatever you may think 'tis worth."

"I'll think about it," he answered, and shaking off the little would-be *littérateur*, joined some friends in another part of the room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THIS rather one-sided discussion had little attraction either for Tighe, who pronounced it "Bosh," or Miss Frothingham, who wondered, in her silly little heart, what it was all about, and they would not have remained among the listeners after the first few minutes, but for the wish of the former to be presented to Madame de Luynes, who seemed determined to hear the very last words the speakers had to say, before she would allow the introduction to take place, and they were therefore obliged to remain in her neighbourhood until it was at an end. But while he appeared to be using his ears, Tighe did not suffer his eyes to remain idle, but employed them in a minute examination of the beautiful and distinguished woman who stood before him, who, since her return to society, had been playing the very mischief with the hearts—such as they were—of half the



young men, and, we are bound to add, with those of many of the old men too, about town.

Madame de Luynes was at this time not less than thirty-eight, but, from the fairness and extreme delicacy of her complexion, would have passed for twenty-five. Yet was there nothing girlish in her appearance; for her tall and finely-developed figure, and serious, but never severe, countenance, gave her an air of matronly dignity that could hardly be expected in one otherwise so youthful. Her hair, which was neither hidden nor confined by the small cap worn gracefully on the back of the head, was fair, almost flaxen, and contrasted rather strangely, yet by no means unpleasantly, with her dark eyebrows, and the still darker lashes that shaded her large, lustrous, and very dark eyes. Her forehead, though broad, was low as that of a Grecian statue, nor had any attempt been made to heighten it, as the foreheads of so many of our ladies are, in the unnatural and abominable manner—*a la Chinois*—of dragging the hair up from it. Her nose was of a composite order, an harmonious blending of the Grecian and Roman types, and her mouth, which was neither large nor small, was perfectly beautiful in its suave expression. Her small throat was ex-

quisitely rounded; and the fall of her shoulders—in every respect a *pair*—and the swell of her bust were symmetrically in keeping with the rest of her person. She wore a robe of black velvet; but was entirely without ornaments, except a bracelet of plain gold, containing a cameo head, the likeness, probably, of some dear friend, and a diamond pin, in the form of a cross, that sparkled amid the rich lace of her chemisette. By the general voice had Madame de Luynes been declared beautiful; that she was graceful every one could see, and it was well known that she was rich. Yet more than her beauty; more than her grace; more even than her wealth, did her graciousness—the graciousness of a perfectly well-bred and eminently kind-hearted gentlewoman—win for her the attention and admiration she was sure to command whenever she appeared in society, which, to the chagrin of her admirers—whose name was legion—was not very often.

The introduction at length took place; and Tighe was highly delighted with the kindness—not mere affability, but positive kindness—with which he was received, and much flattered by the readiness shown by Madame de Luynes to enter into conversation with him, when, with womanly tact, she in-

roduced those subjects which, it was reasonable to suppose, one of his age would be best acquainted with;—music and the drama, the light literature of the day, and particularly the poetry of our own country and of England. In a few minutes both the lady and gentleman—the latter no longer drawled—seemed to forget that they had met this evening for the first time, and were talking and laughing together quite like old friends.

When left by Tighe, who was obliged to conduct Miss Frothingham to a seat, for, as she asserted, she was near expiring with the fatigue of standing so long, Madame de Luynes turned to a table, and after looking carelessly over several books, took up a thin volume of poems, in which she read the following lines with seemingly great, but certainly with no pleasurable, interest:—

*"Past and Present.*

"When darkness veils the skies,  
And wraps the earth about,  
Or when I close mine eyes,  
And shut the daylight out,  
Before me sea and land,  
The distant and the near,  
The living present, and  
The buried past appear.

"And lo! on hillock green,  
Beneath a spreading tree,  
Amid whose leaves, unseen,  
Sits twittering drowsily  
A bird, whose voice is blent  
With dash of far cascade,  
In sweet abandonment  
I see a stripling laid.

"Scarce fifteen summers brief  
Has he beheld pass by,  
Yet shadow of a grief  
Lies in his earnest eye;  
And like a frost in June,  
That opening bud doth blight,  
Disease his cheek thus soon  
Hath touched, and made it white.

"But now nor sun nor shade,  
Nor drowsy song of bird,  
Nor dash of far cascade  
By him is seen or heard;  
The pain that gnaws his breast,  
His sad and lowly lot,  
And spirit's long unrest,  
Are for the time forgot.

"And flushed are cheek and brow,  
That were so pale erewhile,  
And wreathed his lips are now,  
And eyes lit with a smile:—  
The veil doth Hope remove  
The future that concealed,

And wealth, and fame, and love—  
All his!—are there revealed!

“Or one grown early old,  
I see at his lone hearth,  
With heavy eye and cold,  
And heart that grief or mirth,  
Fond hopes or fierce desires,  
No more shall thrill or pain,  
For of its youthful fires  
The ashes but remain.

“His day of toil is done,  
Yet scanty is his store;  
Nor has the crown been won  
That shone his eyes before;  
Nor in the past been given  
Love for the love he gave,  
Nor has he, this side Heaven,  
A future—but the grave!

“And still, howe’er may change  
Those pictures of the brain,  
To scenes well-known or strange,  
I see these figures twain.  
My past and present they.  
That boy of earnest eye  
I was;—that old man grey  
I am;—fit but to die!”

She finished reading with a sigh, and upon looking up, encountered the earnest gaze of the gentle-

man to whom she had been so lately listening. A feeling of pleasure, not unmixed with pain, sent the blood to her temples, and she stood for a moment irresolute what to do or say. But mastering her emotion with the readiness of one to whom self-command was nothing new, she extended her hand, and said, in her usual quiet tone:—

“Aleyn Woodnorth, I am glad to meet you.”

“Athenaïse!” he exclaimed, warmly grasping the offered hand, “is it indeed you? But I beg pardon,” he added, apologetically, “in my joy at seeing you again, I quite forgot the new name by which you are now known.”

“Whatever name I may be known by to others,” she returned, “I am still Athenaïse to my early friends.” And then, as if to prevent any further reference to the past, she added, holding up the book she had been reading, “Still faithful, I see, to ‘the gentle craft.’”

In this remark the usual tact of Madame de Luynes was, as she was instantly aware, rather at fault, for the smile was gone at once from the lips of Woodnorth, and he answered, gloomily—

“It would be strange indeed if I were not faithful to that which has alone been faithful to me; for in sickness and in sorrow, in neglect and in poverty, I

have found in poetry a balm and a solace, companionship and wealth."

"But not, I fear, an encourager," said Madame de Luynes, gently, "or with your abilities, and at your time of life, you would hardly speak of the grave—even in an exaggerated fictitious sketch—as your only future."

"The abilities of which you are so kind as to speak, have enabled me so far to provide the necessities of life for me and mine, and to indite a few verses that have been read by a dozen or two of partial friends without positive condemnation; and nothing more. As for my time of life, every one must see, that the grave is the only future which an old man like me can reasonably look forward to."

"An old man like you!" exclaimed Madame de Luynes, affecting a gayety she was very far from feeling. "If you are an old man, Aleyn, what, pray, am I? You would not be so ungallant as to call me an old woman, and yet, you know, I am scarce seven years your junior."

"It is not so much the years that pass over our heads," he replied, "as the sorrows which tread upon our hearts, that bring old age in their train. It is true, that when we last met, some twenty odd years ago, you were only seven years my junior.

But time, which has stood still with you, has fairly galloped with me since then, and now, instead of seven, I am seven times seven years, at least, your senior."

"Time, Aleyn Woodnorth, stands still with none of us, and sorrows will tread on the hearts of the most prosperous. I do not, however, complain of either; for neither in time nor in sorrow have I found an enemy, but rather a friend, whose admonitions, though severe, have been always salutary. You were once desirous," she added, as if to change the subject, "of visiting other lands; have you ever done so?"

"In imagination only. A stern necessity having bound me years ago to a public desk, I have not been able to travel in any other way."

"Is not that which we call necessity, too often something of our own election?"

"Unfortunately it is, and therefore less endurable than if imposed upon us by a superior intelligence. The necessity that has made me drudge for a miserable pittance; frittered away the time that should have been employed for some useful purpose; withered the energies with which the Almighty had endowed me, and buried my heart amid the ashes of its early hopes, was, I know, my own foolish choice, and presses more heavily upon me on that very account."



"Yet even that," said Madame de Luynes in a low, earnest tone, "might be borne with patience, at least, if not with cheerfulness, by one who is able to call to his aid the sustaining power of religion."

"Ah, Woodnorth, you here?" exclaimed some one at that moment, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder. "But, of course, Genius makes its way everywhere."

"Almost as much as Impudence," returned Woodnorth quietly, and bowing to Madame de Luynes, walked to another part of the room.

"Capital! I like that," said the new comer, with a loud laugh. But any one who, like Madame de Luynes, had marked the look with which he followed Woodnorth as he withdrew, would have seen that, however much he might have professed to "like" with his lips, there was at that moment any thing but liking in his heart.

This person—gentleman by courtesy—was no other than the now well-known Mr. Hardie Truckell, an individual of that fortunate class—a pretty large one in this country—who literally "have greatness thrust upon them." With an intellect too barren for high cultivation, and manners that no social intercourse could refine, he had, by a combination of circumstances wholly fortuitous, or for the shaping

of which he, at least, deserved no credit, obtained a position that gave him official superiority over Woodnorth and others far above him in the scale of being, and admission to a society for which he was altogether unfit. In a late visit to Washington, having made the acquaintance of a distinguished Senator, he was by that gentleman now brought to Mrs. Everest's, and presented to Madame de Luynes, who, remembering the glance of hatred with which he had regarded her friend, received him with the most frigid politeness.

After a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Everest, by whom he was now in due form made acquainted with Tighe, Woodnorth took leave of his amiable hostess, and turned his steps homeward in no enviable frame of mind, for before him rose, in vivid contrast with the painful present, the recollections of the past, and he walked on unconscious of every thing around him, until he heard some one say, "A fine evening this, Mr. Woodnorth, sur!" and looking towards the quarter whence the voice had come, he recognized old Peggy, the applewoman, who had kept her stand on the corner above his house from time immemorial.

"It is a fine evening, Peggy, for the season ; but rather late, is it not ? for you to be out."

"It is pretty late, to be sure, sur; but arly or late is all the same to ould Peggy, as long as the Lord gives her health, and that, blessed be His Holy Name, He always has done, barrin' a touch now and then of the rheumatiz."

"I hope you come down to the house, as usual, for your cup of coffee in the morning?"

"And why shouldn't I? Though she is gone, rest her sowl! that was ever good and kind to ould Peggy, the little darling she has left behind, never lets the ould woman want a cup of coffee and a bit of toast of a morning, or something hot for her dinner; for whin I beez ashamed to go for it, for fear 'o bein' troublesome, don't she send it up to me, with a good scowld into the bargain, for not comin' down, as her father bid me? Indeed, then, Mr. Woodnorth, sur, it's you that has good rason to be proud of her the Lord was so good as to spare you whin He took away the mother."

"I have, Peggy, reason to be both proud of and thankful for her," said Woodnorth, and taking up an apple, and laying down a sixpence unseen by the old woman, he passed on.

When he entered his house, though it was now past eleven, he found his little daughter waiting up for him.

"Why, my dear," he asked, "what are you doing out of bed at this hour?"

The child's face, which had worn a most anxious look, cleared up at the sound of his voice, and she answered cheerfully—

"Poor Nancy was very tired, father, so I sent her to bed, and sat up by myself, to see that there was a good fire when you should come home."

"It was very good of my little woman," said Woodnorth, and he sighed, for he thought she might have had another reason than that she had given for waiting up. "But," he added, stooping and kissing her delicate cheek, more than usually pale with over-watching, "now let my birdling fly away to her nest, and try to make up for lost time."

He was then alone; and throwing himself into a large chair, that Mary had placed before the fire for him, he sat for a long time with his head resting on his hand, and a look of the most hopeless wretchedness imprinted on his countenance. Then rousing himself with an effort, he rose, and walked the floor with quick and uneven steps, as if endeavouring to shake from him some clinging sorrow. But all would not do to restore peace to his perturbed spirit, until, kneeling down, he laid the burthen of his miseries at the foot of the Cross.

## CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE more than twenty years before the time of which we write, Aleyn Woodnorth, a young lawyer of respectable talents and attainments, poor, but of good family, was the accepted lover of Athenaise Romeyn, the only child of a retired New York merchant of great wealth, but with the condition that he should not claim his betrothed, until success in his profession should enable him to take upon himself the responsibilities of housekeeping; for though Mr. Romeyn could have settled upon the young people at once a comfortable independence, he was determined to prove the ability of Aleyn to help himself before he should receive any assistance from him. To this condition Athenaise submitted with a good grace. But not so did her lover, who, considering it only another proof of the natural cruelty of fathers, who, as everybody knows, always have had "flinty hearts," fretted under it exceedingly; and, as he thought the way of his profession

a long and wearisome road to the competence required, began to cast about in his mind how he might find a short cut to fortune; and soon, as he fancied, succeeded in his search.

Entering one evening with a bounding step the parlour where his "lady love" was sitting, he exclaimed in a glad voice—

"Give me joy, Athenaise, give me joy! The clouds have broken at last, and the sun, so long obscured, shines out upon me once more, but brighter far than ever."

"What do you mean, Aleyn?" she asked.

"My probation is at an end," he answered. "Fortune has been for once propitious to a lover's prayers, and removed, almost without any coöperation of mine, the barrier to my happiness. I am a made man!"

"Do speak intelligibly, I pray."

"Then, to give my news in the fewest words possible, I have got an appointment in the Custom House."

"What?"

"An appointment in the Custom House, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year."

At this time, be it remembered, a thousand dollars a year was considered quite a handsome income.

"And you have accepted it?"

"Of course; and have thus obviated your father's objection to our immediate union."

"I am afraid not," said Athenaise gravely.

"And why?" he demanded eagerly, almost angrily.

"Because my father, I fear, will hardly approve of your abandoning an honourable, and, what must be in time, a lucrative profession, to become a mere office-holder."

"But I shall not become a mere office-holder. The acceptance of this appointment does not necessarily involve the abandonment of my profession, which I shall not cease to pursue, until I shall have achieved the distinction that I feel I have the power to obtain, and that shall yet, in the opinion of the world, be some excuse for the partiality with which you have regarded me."

"What's all this talk about an appointment?" asked Mr. Romeyn, coming in from the back parlour, where he had been taking his after-dinner nap in his easy chair.

"Aleyn has received an appointment in the Custom House," answered his daughter.

"Which he must not accept," said the old gentleman positively.

"And why not, sir?" asked Woodnorth.

"Because 'twould be your ruin."

"But my dear sir—" began the young man.

"Don't attempt to argue the matter, Aleyn. I know all you can have to say on the subject. It will give you, you think, at once, what you cannot expect from your profession for years to come. But have you considered, that for this pittance, whatever it may be, you make an absolute surrender of your time, and talents, and liberty, and every thing into the hands of an unfeeling taskmaster, who, having used you as a chattel, will, in a moment of caprice, sweep you out with the rubbish of his office."

"But the Collector is my friend."

"I dare say. But though the Collector of to-day is your friend, how do you know what the Collector of to-morrow may be? Party, unfortunately, rules every thing with us; and it too often happens that, in situations which are not—as they should be—for life, or during good behaviour, the political brawler or pothouse politician is put over the heads of those who have nothing to recommend them but talent, industry and integrity. The present Collector is, as we all know, in every sense of the word, a gentleman; but his successor, the pliant tool, perhaps, not



of him who is supposed to be the dispenser of executive patronage, but of those who really do dispense it in his name, may be entirely the reverse, and one who will repay a subordinate's services of years with sudden and contemptuous dismissal."

"But I do not mean to place myself in his power," said Woodnorth. "I will retain this situation only till I shall have made sufficient progress in my profession to be independent of it."

"Which will be—never," returned Mr. Romeyn. "The duties of your place will engross too much of your time and labour, to allow you to devote even a small portion of either to any thing else. Then do not assume them. You are still young—not more than twenty-five, I believe—and Athy is not yet eighteen. You will neither be the worse for waiting five or six years before you take upon yourselves the responsibilities of wedlock. Adhere then to your profession, and, with ordinary industry and perseverance, you cannot help, with your talents, to acquire in time both wealth and distinction. But till one of these at least is yours, I will never consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"Why not say at once, sir," demanded Woodnorth, with a good deal of warmth, "that you wish to retract the promise you have given, instead of

thus trifling with the hopes of one whose happiness you know to be in your power?"

"Because, young man," said Mr. Romeyn severely, "I am not in the habit of saying that which I do not mean. I have no intention at present, nor have I any wish, to retract my promise. But neither do I intend to risk the happiness, or future usefulness of my child, by exposing her needlessly to the chance of poverty, or condemning her to a life of obscurity. You shall wear her, if you have the ability to win her, in the way that I propose ;—but not otherwise." And he walked with an air of offended dignity out of the room.

Aleyn was angry ; too angry, indeed, to renew at once with Athenaisë the subject nearest his heart with an equable voice. At length, having got a little better of his temper, he said—

"Surely, Athenaisë, you do not acquiesce in this most unjust decision of your father?"

"Whatever may be the justice of my father's decision," she answered kindly, "I am bound to submit to it."

"At present, perhaps. But you are now almost of age, and will soon be at liberty to decide for yourself. And as I have fulfilled to the letter my part of the condition imposed upon us, you

cannot think it unreasonable if I ask you to fulfil yours."

"Almost of age, Aleyn? What age can justify disobedience to the known will of a parent?"

"We are not bound to obey our parents in that which is wrong."

"But my father does not ask me to do that which is wrong."

"Not ask you to do that which is wrong? Does he not ask you, in violation of a sacred promise, to trifle with the happiness of a fellow being?"

"You are not in the humour at present, Aleyn," said Athenaise, still kindly, "to view this matter in the proper light. My father does not wish me to trifle with your happiness, and, I will add, with mine too. He is not capable, as you ought to know, of such a feeling. But while we think only of the present, he, with the forethought of age, seeks to secure our happiness in the future. Then be advised by him. Give up this appointment, and return to the practice of your profession, and I will engage to use my influence with that 'power behind the throne' which is greater than the throne—my ever kind mother—to have the years of probation shortened."

"You ask an impossibility," returned Woodnorth sharply. "Having moved heaven and earth to ob-

tain it, I should be regarded as a fool or a madman were I to throw it up now. And besides the ridicule I should bring upon myself by so doing, I should incur the just displeasure of one of the oldest friends of my family, who, to oblige me, refused this very appointment, only two days ago, to the son of a man of the greatest political influence. It is impossible that I should give it up—at present, at least.”

Athenaïse sighed, and suffered the subject to drop, and soon after Aleyn, in no very placable temper, took his leave. He looked upon himself as a very ill-used individual, whose hopes had been fostered into strength by the father of his mistress, only to be suddenly cast down and trampled in the dust by the rude foot of wealth, and, “nursing his wrath to keep it warm,” it was some days before his good humour was so far restored as to permit him to renew his visits at Mr. Romeyn’s, where, although still kindly received by Athenaïse, and her mother, whose gentle nature would not suffer her to give pain to any living thing, he could not but feel, from the strained politeness of the master of the house, that they were less welcome than formerly, and he was less surprised than pained to be told by the old gentleman, a few weeks after, that by his acceptance of a clerkship in the Custom House, contrary to the advice and ex-

pressed wish of her father, he had virtually relinquished all claim to the hand of Athenaisë.

Aleyn Woodnorth had loved Athenaisë Romeyn from the days of his boyhood, and it is no exaggeration to say, that his love for her had indeed "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," or that above all the hopes that his warm young heart had cherished—and there had been among them many high ones of fortune and of fame—was the dear hope of one day calling her his. But that hope was now suddenly, cruelly, most unwarrantably destroyed, and with it, as he thought, every thing that had made life valuable. Yet he did not complain. He was too proud for that. Too proud even to utter one word of remonstrance to Athenaisë, who was ignorant, though this he did not know at the time, of what had passed between him and her father, and he suffered the Romeyns to depart for Europe, whither Mrs. Romeyn, a native of France, had been ordered for her health, without intimating a wish to any one that the engagement should be renewed.

## CHAPTER X.

WITH a determination to falsify the prediction of Mr. Romeyn, that his new duties would prevent any further progress in his profession, Woodnorth, after the labours of the day, sat resolutely down to his books, and often pursued his studies far into the night. But after a few months, his efforts were necessarily relaxed, for his health began to give way under them; yet even if it had not, he could not have continued them long. "Continual droppings will wear out a stone;" and his duties, besides being of a most laborious and engrossing nature, were attended with so many—although petty—annoyances, that they could not fail in time to have an unfavourable effect upon the mind. After the confusion of business, he found it difficult sufficiently to collect his thoughts so as to pursue with advantage any course of study. That which was difficult at first, became in a little while impossible; and he

settled down at last into that most miserable thing—a mere office-holder, a creature in whose ambition there is nothing ennobling, and in whose heart the fire of manly pride is dead.

The final abandonment of his profession involved, of course, the renunciation of whatever claim he might have thought he still had to the hand of Athenaisë; and after having, with a painful effort, written to tell her so—with no higher, no holier motive than to secure to himself, as he said, the comforts of his own fireside—he made an offer of marriage to another, a fair, gentle, simple-minded girl, who gratefully accepted the offered hand, without suspecting for a moment that there was no heart accompanying it. This was to crown one act of foolishness with another, making not only his own subsistence, but the subsistence of a delicate woman, and perhaps of others, for whose comforts he was bound to provide, to depend upon the emoluments of an office, that was held by no firmer tenure than the caprice of him who should be chosen by the despotism of party to fill the place of his superior.

But the evils of his situation, though he was not altogether unconscious of them, were not fully understood or felt by Woodnorth until the friend, to whom he had been indebted for his place, was ob-

liged to make way for another—"a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph"—who day after day, as his successors have done down even to our own time, raised over the head of one who had performed his duties faithfully and understandingly, and—which is no small praise—with perfect gentlemanliness, men without education, experience, ability, or character, for no better reason than that they or their friends had been more useful at the polls, or had shown themselves less scrupulous in doing the dirty work of their political task-masters. Of this number was Hardie Truckell, who, with little to recommend him but a certain tact, which was by many mistaken for talent, a positive absence of any thing so detrimental to success as modesty, and a ready subserviency to the man in power, had risen in a few years, from one of the lowest positions in the Custom House, to be inferior only to the Collector himself.

It is said, that those we very much admire we will seek to imitate. But this saying, though no doubt true enough in most instances, is by no means so in all; for no one could admire another more heartily than did Aleyn Woodnorth admire the author whose eulogy he had this evening pronounced; and yet it would be hard to find two persons more



unlike. One, a man of unshaken purpose, but whose slightest act was in obedience to his principles as a Christian, by a proper use of his rich endowments of mind, had won an early independence, and a name that posterity will not willingly let die ; while the other, with hardly less talent, and equal love of truth for its own sake, but whose wish to do that which was right was too often made inoperative by his readiness to yield to any impulse of the moment, had frittered away his gift of genius, and rendered himself the slave of another's will, and an object of pity, or contempt, to those whose respect, and even admiration, he might at one time have commanded.

But if he had lost the respect of others, it was not until he had first lost his own. Woodnorth had never forgiven himself the one foolish act of his life, by which he had thrown from him an honourable profession, and, what he prized infinitely above all else in the world, the love of Athenaisë Romeyn ; and the bitter regret for this, with the indignation he could not help feeling at unmerited neglect, gnawed forever like a worm at his heart. Then, too, he was annoyed with domestic discomforts, which, though individually small, made, in the aggregate, no trifling amount of evil. He had mar-

ried from prudential motives; but his choice had not been a wise one. His wife, without being either a shrew or a gadabout, but who, on the contrary, was rather amiable, and of a retiring disposition, was one not likely to make home happy to a man like him, whose jaded mind, when he returned after the unappreciated labours of the day, required something more to soothe it into quiet, or stimulate it into healthful action, than the platitudes of a woman, however good, who knew nothing of life, either from observation or from books, or her uninteresting prattle, about the affairs of her household and the doings of her neighbours, which she called conversation. The companionship for which he yearned, and which was denied him at his own hearth, he therefore felt obliged to go abroad to seek, and found it only too often among men whose places of meeting were the bar-rooms of public houses.

Hitherto, however weak and vacillating, Woodnorth could never have been charged with the slightest deviation from the path of moral rectitude, and was noted among his companions for being a strictly sober man. But we all know the power of example, and the tyranny of habit; and having, in imitation of others, once learned to take his glass, he soon

found, that what was at first a casual, and so far a harmless indulgence, became a positive necessity, for his worn frame was constantly in need of being re-invigorated, and his mind in want of something to keep it from always preying upon itself. The seeds of evil are quick to germinate, and he was fast sinking into habitual and hopeless drunkenness, when the entreaties of his little daughter, who, even before the death of her mother, had become painfully conscious of the unhappy aberrations of her father, awoke him to a true sense of his danger, and the turpitude of his conduct towards the helpless creatures dependent upon him, and he stopped, suddenly and forever, in his ruinous career. But reformation, though worthy of all commendation, will not retrieve the errors of the past, nor wholly restore a broken constitution, nor win back for us the confidence we have forfeited. Woodnorth was indeed an altered man; but to this fact the many were wilfully blind, and, as we have seen, even his daughter feared that he might be tempted to return again into the evil way he had within the last two years abandoned.

In the mean time the Romeyns remained abroad. It had been the intention of Mr. Romeyn, at first, to spend only a year or two in France, to try the effect of her native air upon the declining health of his

wife, and afford his daughter the advantage of a sojourn for that time in the social capital of Europe, where the great wealth of her father and the distinguished connexions of her mother could not fail to obtain admittance for her into the best society in the world, in the delights of which he hoped she would cease to remember Aleyn Woodnorth. But Mr. Romeyn knew not the heart of Athenaisë; that still clung with all its early faith and fondness to the lover of her girlhood, until by his own act he sundered the tie which had united them. Then, though she did not seek to forget him, she taught herself to think of him only as a dear friend from whom she was separated for ever, and for whose welfare it must still be her duty to pray, and pray for his welfare she did, even after her marriage, yet never failed in her duty as a true and affectionate wife.

The climate of France had not the effect upon the health of Mrs. Romeyn that had been hoped for, and the visit of a year or two had been extended to four years, without any beneficial result. At the end of this period the poor lady was joined to her kindred, and slept in the tomb of the St. Remys; and Mr. Romeyn, who, at the time of her death, seemed in vigorous health, suddenly began to droop, and survived her but a few months, leaving Athenaisë to

the guardianship of a relation by her mother, in whose quiet country home she found a pleasant retreat from the purposeless bustle of the world in which she had been living; and here she remained until she became the wife of the Baron de Luynes, a nobleman of an ancient and highly distinguished family, of whose moral worth we may form some estimate, when we know that he possessed—and merited—the friendship of a Montalembert and an Affré. But in all this time, though she never ceased to remember with affection her native land, Athénaïse neither expressed nor felt a desire to revisit it; and she would probably have spent the remainder of her days in France, had not the unsettled state of public affairs in that country, after the abolition of monarchy, rendered a longer stay in it any thing but desirable. She then returned home, accompanied by her husband, who came to America only to find a grave.

## CHAPTER XI.

HAVING bidden good night to Mrs. Everest, and seen Misses Frothingham and Crofoot into their carriage, Tighe, wrapping himself in his cloak, proceeded at a leisurely pace towards Fourteenth Street. It was now within a few minutes of twelve, yet he was neither going to his hotel nor home to his mother's, for, ascending the broad stone steps of a palatial residence in the neighbourhood of Union Square, he rang and was instantly admitted, when, unquestioning and unquestioned, he gave his hat and cloak to the servant in attendance, and entered unannounced a magnificently furnished apartment, where before a piano, upon which a lady was playing, were gathered a number of persons, of whom all but two were gentlemen, singing, in every variety of voice and discordance of tone, some with mouths awry, and others with noses compressed between fingers and thumbs,

the following elegant lines of a poet whose name we have, unfortunately, been unable to learn :

“There was a butcher had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name;  
There was a butcher had a dog,  
And Bingo was his name.  
B, i, n, g, o,  
B, i, n, g, o,  
B, i, n, g, o,  
And Bingo was his name.”

At the end of the song, Tighe was accosted with great familiarity by most of the singers, and the fair musician, rising from the piano, gave him both her hands, as she said with a charming smile—

“Ever the late Mr. Lyfford, but, early or late, the ever welcome.”

“The happy Mr. Lyfford, I’m sure,” drawled a handsome young man at her side, “on whom the goddess of our idolatry smiles so propitiously.”

“And not more happy than grateful,” added Tighe, “to find himself so kindly greeted.”

“Now, Grant, we are all here,” said the lady, turning to a fair young man who was sitting quite by himself in a distant corner of the room, “and you can order supper.” Whereupon Mr. Grant Buckhurst, like a well-trained husband, instantly rose to do the bidding of his wife.

This lady, whose good fortune it had been, while at one of the watering places a few years before, to make conquest of the soft heart of the soft-headed, but rich and well-connected, Grant Buckhurst, was a dark brunette, with beautiful eyes, a nose slightly *retroussé*, and a mouth that smiled fascination. Her *petite* figure was elegantly moulded, and her small head, covered with curls of the darkest brown, and her exquisitely rounded arms, naked almost to the shoulders, were models for a sculptor. Of her hands, which were small and plump, she was evidently vain, for they were generally ungloved, and set off with rings of great value and beauty; and her feet were the prettiest little feet in the world. But while it was admitted, even by those who pretended to wonder how the well-born Grant Buckhurst could have stooped to a marriage with the daughter of a *ci-devant coiffeur*, that Mrs. Grant Buckhurst was certainly a very pretty, and withal a very graceful little body, there was something in her eyes, beautiful as they were, that inspired the beholder with feelings akin to those we experience in the company of a pet tiger—feelings of mingled admiration and fear, and of this Tighe became early aware on this occasion, as he caught the glance they covertly shot at her husband, for some trifling blan-



der at the table, and he inwardly shrank, even while he appeared to listen with delight to the agreeable nothings that fell from her lovely and smiling lips.

The party which that night, or rather morning, sat down to the hospitable board of Grant Buckhurst, was a gay and noisy one. Yet, though both gay and noisy, it was by no means large. There were but two ladies present besides the hostess;—a widow and her niece, both very beautiful women, but with reputations a little damaged, who kept their place in society rather through sufferance than by any positive merit of their own, though with the aid, perhaps, of their great wealth and distinguished family connexions;—and six gentlemen, without including Tighe and Buckhurst;—a sexagenarian, in excellent preservation, whose pleasant face and rotund figure are as well known in Wall Street as the Custom House or Exchange; “a gentleman from Ireland” of indomitable good humour, fine literary taste, and conversational powers of the very first order; an Englishman with coarse light hair and beard, whose otherwise handsome face was sadly marred, by a peculiarity in his eyes, that were always turning inward, as if to look upon something that lay hidden within his mind; an exceedingly ugly little man in

spectacles—a clever, but most unprincipled writer for a certain class of mischievous papers—whose face was almost hidden by his untrimmed tawny beard, from which, as a play upon the word literary, he was commonly called “The Little-Hairy Man;” a handsome, and most conceited young comedian, who was then very much in fashion, and a great pet with Mrs. Grant Buckhurst and other “fast” ladies about town, and last, and also least, the youthful patron of literature, Mr. Stacey Dapper. But the gayest, and not least noisy of the party was the mistress of the feast, who, with Tighe on her right, and the player on her left, seemed determined to make the most of the present moment, translating into action “*dum vivimus, vivamus*,” and laughed and jested, and punned and chorussed with the best of them, and if she did not drink as much as her male guests, she certainly showed herself no particular friend to the “Maine Law,” nor enemy to the inspiring champagne, that passed around the table without stint.

It was a gay and noisy party, and a mere listener would have been greatly amused with the odd jumble of persons, places, and things that were discussed, or touched upon, in the conversations that were constantly carried on, without, however, inter-

fering with the more important business of eating and drinking : — “ actors,” “ artists,” “ Auber ;” “ balls,” “ belles-lettres,” “ Bellini ;” “ cashmeres,” “ Congress,” “ Cape May ;” “ Dickens,” “ danseuses,” “ Dodworth ;” “ England,” “ empires,” “ ethics,” “ fashions,” “ flirtations,” “ Fourier ;” “ Grisi,” “ Goethe,” “ guipure ;” “ humanitarianism,” “ hops,” “ Halévy ;” “ Ireland,” “ India,” “ idealities ;” “ Jews,” “ Jane Eyre,” “ jewels ;” “ kisses,” “ Kurds,” “ Knickerbockers ;” “ Louis Napoleon,” “ Longfellow,” “ Lablache ;” “ Mario,” “ *mauvais ton*,” “ *moire-antiques* ;” “ Newport,” “ novels,” “ nihilism ;” “ operas,” “ optimism,” “ Obermann ;” “ polkas,” “ preachers,” “ parvenues ;” “ queens,” “ Queechy,” “ quadrilles ;” “ Rachel,” “ Rossini,” “ romances ;” “ Saratoga,” “ spiritualism,” “ *schottisches* ;” “ tailors,” “ Tupper,” “ Thackeray ;” “ Uhland,” “ upper crust,” “ Unterwalden ;” “ vertu,” “ Valenciennes,” “ Verdi ;” “ Wessels,” “ Wordsworth,” “ Washington ;” “ yachts,” “ yagers,” “ zingurillas, etc., being brought together without effort, and with very little apparent connection. Besides all this, among a good *déal* that was genuine, a vast amount of “ bogus” wit was allowed to circulate without a very close examination ; a number of songs—the everlasting nigger

and others—were sung indifferently well, and many old stories told for new, and some new ones—probably improvised for the occasion—were told with as much gravity as if they had been a hundred years old. Of the latter, was one by the strange-eyed Englishman, recollected *apropos* to a remark of the fair widow's fair niece, which has been fortunately rescued from oblivion, by the public spirit and liberality of Mr. Stacey Dapper, who, by paying the narrator very handsomely, prevailed upon him to throw it into the form of an "article" for the "City." And this it is:—

"The celebrated Baron Von Schnitzspahn, says in his 'Antipodean Researches,' which I am happy to hear, are soon to be published in this country, 'That while stopping to rest for a few days in a pretty town near the southern frontier of the kingdom of Summ, I was struck with certain peculiarities in the women of rank that I happened to meet in my rambles about the place, for, unlike most parts of the East, ladies of the greatest distinction, who do not belong to the Koop, or Harem, of any great personage, are often to be seen in the streets of the towns and cities of Summ. Those peculiarities, as I afterwards learned, grew out of the following circumstance:—

"Boo-Gah-Booh, the great Rumm-Kuss, or viceroy, of the province of Whah-Choo-Wylle, having only nine hundred and ninety-nine wives, gave notice, that on a certain day he would take unto himself one wife more, to complete the number prescribed by the laws of his country and his religion, and therefore commanded the Bigh-Bughs, or great nobles of his court, at a certain hour of the day named, to send the most beautiful of their daughters to his palace, that he might be able to make a proper selection.

"As may be supposed, this order of the viceroy caused a deal of fluttering in the dovescotes of the province, and long before the hour appointed, all the beauty and fashion of Whah-Choo-Wylle were gathered *en masse* in the great square of the town, immediately in front of the palace, and each lady, as she entered the covered way which led directly to the audience chamber of the great Rumm-Kuss, made up her mind, that she was destined to fill the existing vacancy in the vice-regal koop.

"To this covered way, which was dimly lighted by a single window, that opened upon a garden into which no one could look without permission of the Rumm-Kuss, under the penalty of death by impalement, the candidates were admitted one at a

time, with a strong admonition from the porter, a ferocious-looking and gigantic negro, not to turn to the right or the left, and not even to glance towards the window that opened upon the mysterious garden.

“When the last of the ladies had entered the audience chamber, they were arranged in semicircles upon platforms, that, like the seats in an amphitheatre, rose one above another half way up to the dome, and then, on the sounding of a gong, the Rumm-Kuss entered, and ascended his throne. But great was the consternation of that vast assembly, when, instead of regarding that unique *coup d'œil* with any thing like an appearance of pleasure or even of interest, he looked around him with a furious scowl, and twirling his moustachios, that extended for more than a yard on either side of his mouth, exclaimed, ‘Der Tuyvel!’ which, in the court language of Summ, means ‘Good gracious me!’

“Such a set of deformities was never seen. The heads of the tall seemed to rest upon their breasts, and those of the short were perked up as far as their necks could stretch, while all were turned towards their right shoulders, over which their right eyes squinted in the most ludicrous manner. To test how

far it would be possible for woman to overcome the curiosity inherent in her nature, a stone, which had fallen from the moon some thousands of years before, and that possessed certain magical properties, was placed in the window which the candidates had to pass, and as each one bent or elevated her head, and turned it aside to take the prohibited peep with the tail of her eye, the magic power of the stone rendered her appearance ever after unchangeable. One only of all these ladies retained her natural, straightforward look; and when the Rumm-Kuss, after she had been brought to the foot of his throne, and he had declared her the one chosen to fill the vacancy in his koop, complimented her upon her moral strength, in resisting the temptation to which all her competitors had yielded, she answered with a sweet and naïve smile, 'But I, my dread lord, am blind!'

"Infidel!" said the pretty lady, for whom especially this story, so complimentary to her sex, had been told. "You deserve ostracism by the whole female community for your slanderous invention."

"Ostracism, my dear madam," returned the Englishman, "would imply more merit on the part of the ostracized, than my modesty will suffer me to lay claim to. Yet," he added, in a low tone, "if I

were allowed in my exile the companionship of one only that I could name, I should not think my fate a very severe one."

The lady turned away, as if she had not heard him, and addressed some trifling remark to Mr. Stacey Dapper, who sat on her left.

It was considerably after three when the party broke up, and Tighe and the "Little-Hairy Man," who had never met until that night, walked away together, arm linked in arm, in the most friendly manner, and with wonderful steadiness—as they believed—and singing an impromptu addition to an old song that had been sung at supper.

"He that will not merry, merry be,  
With beaker brimmed with wine,  
Be darksome cave his living grave,  
And his drink the salt sea brine.  
Let him be merry, merry there,  
And we'll be merry, merry here,  
For who can know where he may go  
To be merry another year?

"And he that will not merry, merry be,  
When blest with beauty's smile,  
May he, bereft of all, be left  
Alone on a desert isle.  
Let him be merry, merry there,  
And we'll be merry, merry here,  
For who can know where he may go  
To be merry another year?"



"But what's the row?" exclaimed Tighe's companion, suddenly stopping in his song, as they turned into Broadway. "A muss among the dark-eyes. Bravo, little one! that's it!" he added encouragingly, as a little bandy-legged negro ran his head into the stomach of his antagonist, and threw him on his back into the street.

"Sarve 'im right, de furrin scruff!" said one of the bystanders, a huge fellow, whose broad face shone in the moonlight like the front of a well-blackened stove. "Twon't do for no Jahsey nigger to cum har an' 'sult us Kniggerbuggers on our own sile."

"Ki! Ki! M. P.'s, M. P.'s," sang out one of the crowd, and in a moment the whole flock of black birds had taken to flight. The watchful guardians of night then came hurrying to the scene of disturbance, at which they arrived, as they generally do, "just in time to be too late," and finding only Tighe and the "Little-Hairy Man," they politely admonished them to "move on;" and move on they accordingly did.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE next day was Sunday—the Christian Sabbath—the Blessing of the Week to the sons and daughters of toil, when the poor worn labourer, or o'erwrought artisan, may indulge his weary limbs with an hour's rest in the morning, without fear of a harsh word, a reduction of pay, or dismissal from an employment necessary to the very existence of those dearer to him than life, by a greedy and exacting taskmaster, and the heavy lids of the exhausted needlewoman may, for a short time, shut out the light from those aching balls, that have so steadily, and, alas! so wearily, bent day and night, day and night, for six long, long days and nights over the unremunerative seam. Had it no sacred character; were there no temples open on this day, where those who feel the necessity at times of drawing nearer unto God, and, at the foot of his holy altar, offer up their tribute of praise and thanksgiving, or lay down

the burthen of griefs by which they are oppressed, and if really nothing more than the brief period of cessation from labour that it is to so many, still would the Christian Sabbath be a blessing for which the most grateful heart could hardly be grateful enough, or the most eloquent tongue be sufficiently eloquent to give expression to the heart's thankfulness to God for this surpassing favour.

And now let us see how this day of blessedness was spent by most of those to whom we had the pleasure to introduce our readers last night.

The Condons were too poor to pay even the lowest rent demanded for a pew, and so Mrs. Condon, taking little Arthur by the hand, went to an early Mass at one of the near churches, where, among the crowd that filled the body of the sacred edifice almost to suffocation, she offered up her morning devotions, while Lizzie, too proud to advertise her poverty to the world, yet too conscientious to omit a known duty, made a compromise between her piety and her pride, and satisfied the one while she saved the other, united her prayers with those of her mother in an obscure part of the gallery of the same church, after which they returned home to pass the day in rest and quiet, a little to the annoyance of Arthur, who did not see why he could not go out

and play with the boys in Tompkins Square. Nelly went to a still earlier Mass than her mother and sister, but that was from necessity, because she could not be spared at a later hour, and there—but by the merest accident, of course—she met Mark Hurley, who had passed three or four churches to say his prayers at the same altar with her, though, in justice to Mark, we must add, that he went to another church at half-past ten, for the benefit of a sermon.

Besides these, Mrs. Lyfford also went to an early Mass;—not, however, because she could not have hired a pew, or that her time belonged to another, but from a mean attachment to money, and thus, while she pretended to serve God, by presenting herself once a week in His temple, and repeating a certain form of prayer, she was actually denying to Him the “things that are” His, by withholding from His minister that to which every one “who serves at the altar” has an undoubted right—the means of living “by the altar.”

Mrs. Everest, who was careful at all times to manifest her respect for the usages of society, and had besides, although not a “professor,” as the phrase is, a deep reverence for religion, attended both the morning and afternoon services in one of the churches of her neighbourhood; but devoted the rest

of the day to a favourite author. Miss Frothingham rolled in her carriage to "Grace" in the morning, where she read, with edifying distinctness, the responses from a prayer-book splendidly bound in purple velvet and gold, and having for a clasp a massive gold cross; but spent the afternoon over "the last great novel," and the evening among a crowd of worshippers—of her beauty, as she thought, but, in reality, of her father's wealth; and Miss Crofoot, who would descant almost as eloquently and quite as intelligibly as E—— himself, upon the "Divinity of Nature" and the "Great Soul of the Universe," but who regarded modern Christianity as little more than the fossil remains of an effete superstition, did not trouble herself to go to any place of worship in the morning, but, for the purpose of taking notes, repaired after dinner with her tablets to a fashionable church, to hear a man, who was called a Christian minister, controvert many of the great and leading truths of Christianity, and attempt, with his finite reason, to bound Infinity itself.

Mrs. Grant Buckhurst, who pronounced religion a humbug, the professors of it either knaves or fools, and its preachers the most intolerable bores in existence—to all of which her husband very properly, as well as very dutifully, said ditto—passed the

morning in bed, to sleep off the weariness of last night, the time between dinner and tea in looking out the particularly "rich things" in the Sunday papers, and the evening at the "Reception" of Mrs. Puddingstone. Madame de Luynes, who had, while abroad, become a convert to the faith of her mother and husband, walked with her maid to Mass and Vespers at the church of St. Francis Xavier, and after spending the rest of the day in pious and useful reading, gave her evening to the entertainment of a few old and valued friends; and Woodnorth and his children, after giving the morning to religious observance, took the cars for Harlem, and though the day was a real autumnal one—grey and rather bleak—spent the afternoon in rambles about the country, much to the satisfaction of the little ones, and not a little to the advantage of their health.

But what of him whom we, for want of a better, have taken to be the hero of this true and eventful story? Among the thousands whose knees were bent in adoration, whose hearts and voices were lifted up in praise or supplication, before the numerous altars whereon the priests of the Most High offered that morning the "clean oblation" of the New Law, or within the hundreds of sacred edifices, where human eloquence was tasked to its utmost

power to extol the wonderful work of man's redemption, was there found no place for him? Had a life of four-and-twenty years been so barren of blessings that there was no one thing for which he should be grateful? or was he so confident in his own strength, that he was willing to go unaided into the battle of life, from which so few, even of the strongest, escape unharmed? Alas! though there was room and to spare in the churches, Tighe presented not himself among the worshippers within them. Though, from the day of his birth until now, his whole life had been one uninterrupted blessing, he had no word of thankfulness to return to his Benefactor; and though he could hardly be unconscious of his manifold weaknesses, he did not seek to obtain strength from above. He had renounced—virtually, if not formally—the faith of his plebeian and uneducated father, and adopted in its stead the fashionable indifferentism of the day; and so, after a late breakfast, instead of trudging off to Mass, as his more simple progenitor would have done, he dawdled away the morning over trashy newspapers, and equally trashy books, until it was time to dress for an engagement he had made to dine with a friend, with whom he afterwards showed himself in “the Avenue” about the time that peo-

ple were coming out of the churches from afternoon service; then he walked over to his mother's—ostensibly to tea, but really to obtain a fresh supply of “the needful;” returned to the Avenue, where he passed a couple of hours very pleasantly at Mr. Frothingham's, and wound up his day, or perhaps we should say, his night, by supping with the “Little-Hairy Man,” and two or three others, at Shelley's. And yet he called himself a Christian!

“O father Abraham, what these *Christians* are!”



## CHAPTER XIII.

AND now the gay season was fairly set in. The opening ball was given by the Frothinghams, who obliged their guests to appear in the court costume of a bygone age,—although, we are afraid, it would have sadly puzzled the head of the house of Frothingham to tell whether Louis Quinze had been King of France or Cham of Tartary;—which had the good effect of giving employment to a number of ingenious tailors and shoemakers, mantuamakers, needlewomen, and workers in hair, and the bad one of forcing into circulation many French novels, less to be admired for the soundness of their moral teachings than the talent displayed in their composition. This was followed by Mrs. Grant Buckhurst's, in which the style of dress that prevailed in the "Republican Court" during the administration of Washington was revived, and supremely happy were the few who then, by the possession of a portrait—how come by

we cannot say, although it is very possible that certain auctioneers might—of a lady or gentleman of that time—the ancestor or ancestress, of course, of the fortunate possessor—in the dress required for the occasion, could make good their claim of really being the “somebodies” they had recently set up to be. And then, to parody a line that Maturin intended to write, but did not,

“Ball followed party, party followed ball,”\*

in such rapid succession, that the most indefatigable of “Brown’s men,” the best drilled corps of dancers in the world, began to tire of them, and Stacey Dapper, a favourite pupil of Ferrero’s, and “the observed of all observers” in *der Schottische*, declared, with an irrepressible yawn, and a very pretty little kind of oath, at one of the most delightfully crowded *soirées dansante* of this winter, that “really dancing had become a confounded bore.”

But here we pause. We have no intention to trench upon ground already occupied; nor have we any wish to expose to the gaze of curious or of en-

\* The line in “Bertram” is—

“Prayer follows study, study yields to prayer,”

which is saying the same thing in two ways, and nothing more.

vicious eyes, what the "Sir Oracles" of the world are pleased to designate the follies or frivolities of the rich. To say that the rich and prosperous have their faults, is only to say that they have their due share of our common humanity. But if they have their faults, they also have their virtues, although their better qualities are hidden from those who see them only when dressed for company, as the large, as well as many unnamed, charities of the "best abused" city in America, supported by their voluntary aid, will bear ample testimony; and we see no good that can be obtained by holding up any one class of our fellow-citizens as objects of hatred, envy, or contempt to the others. Rich and poor are alike subject to temptations, and when they yield to them,—whether their sins be those of pride, or arrogance, or gluttony, or sloth, by which the rich are every where too generally beset, or envy, or covetousness, or discontent, that so readily find their way to the hearts of the poor,—they become amenable to a higher tribunal than any of this world, and let us forbear to judge them, lest we too be judged.

The coming in of Lent, however, suspended, for a short time, the more demonstrative gayeties that rendered the winter of 18— so memorable a one,

and then, friendly réunions and quiet receptions, concerts, lectures, and "readings," the opera and the theatre—for people who would not go to balls, did not scruple to visit the theatres during this penitential season—afforded some crumbs of comfort to those to whom amusements had become among the necessities of life. Of this class was Miss Frothingham, who never spent an evening at home, except when the house was filled with company; and as Tighe Lyfford was now known by "all the world and his wife" to be the accepted lover of the millionaire's fair daughter, she kept him in a continual whirl of dissipation, as her chosen escort in her nightly rounds, at no little expense to his prudent mother, who, however, consoled herself with the thought, that after all she was but "giving away the hen's egg, to get the goose egg in return."

Yes, Tighe was now the accepted lover of Minna Frothingham, almost as much to his own surprise as that of the acquaintances who had known him in his boyhood, and greatly to the delight of his mother, who took her friend Mrs. Smith over to the Avenue one cold night, that she might point out to her the noble mansion in which her future daughter-in-law was housed; but not a little, we must add, to the vexation of Mr. Frothingham, who had intended his

daughter for some "good man" of business, who, to the splendid fortune she was likely to inherit, would be able to add another of equal splendour at least, and thus make her one of the richest, and consequently, according to his view of happiness, one of the happiest women in her native city; and it was not without a severe struggle that he consented to forego his long-cherished plan, and receive for his son-in-law a man almost without money, and of whom he knew nothing, except that he was a frequent guest of some of the best families, merely because the child to whom he had never been able to deny any thing, had set her silly heart upon becoming his wife.

"O, by-the-by, Lyfford," said Miss Frothingham one night to her lover at parting, "I wish you to come up a little early to-morrow evening, or, what would perhaps be better, come up and dine with us. I want to go to the Stuyvesant Institute, the place, you know, where Fanny Kemble gave her first readings. There's a young man, that Mrs. Everest has taken quite an interest in, going to lecture there;—a kind of cousin, I'm told, of my late maid Condon's;—and I think 'twill be such fun to hear him." And Tighe, as in duty bound, did as he was requested.

The Institute was quite full when they entered, but, with the indifference of the fashionable vulgar to the comfort and convenience of others, Miss Frothingham made a way for herself and Tighe to a bench within a few feet of the platform, and immediately by the side of Madame de Luynes, who had come early with Mrs. Everest and several others of that set.

"What a beautiful girl," said Madame de Luynes, a few minutes after the bustle of Miss Frothingham's entrance had subsided, directing the attention of Mrs. Everest to one of a party opposite, consisting of Mrs. Condon, her two daughters and little Arthur, and a lady considerably younger than Mrs. Condon, and the little Woodnorths.

"Beautiful, indeed!" agreed Mrs. Everest, as her eye rested on Lizzie Condon.

"Pretty, certainly," said Miss Frothingham, leveling her glass at the object of their admiration; "but sadly wanting in style. Don't you think so, Lyfford?"

"I? O yes;—certainly," stammered Tighe, without well knowing what he did say, for he felt that the eye of Lizzie Condon was upon him, and he quailed beneath the concentrated scorn of its glance, when fortunately for him Mr. Woodnorth appeared on the

platform, and introduced the lecturer of the evening—Mr. Maurice de St. Remy.

The feeling of surprise throughout the audience was general when the lecturer came forward, and made his salutatory bow, for he was little more than a lad—certainly not more than twenty—with little of the precocious manhood of “Young America” in his appearance, but at the same time without any thing like boyish sheepishness, for his manner, though modest, was perfectly self-possessed. His figure, not yet fully developed, was cast in an elegant mould, and his complexion was a clear brown, in which the “blood so eloquently wrought” that you could almost read his thoughts in his face before they flowed in liquid cadences from his tongue. His features were very handsome, particularly his mouth, which was perfectly beautiful in the winningness of its smile; his eyes were of a hazel so dark as to be generally mistaken for black, and his hair, to use a hackneyed quotation, was “black as the raven’s wing.” Nor did his young and graceful figure differ more from the prim, priggish or pompous ones of ordinary lecturers, than did his dress from their “customary suits of solemn black.” He wore a blue frock, white waistcoat and black pantaloons, and, instead of a cravat, that unsightly thing on a young throat, a

simple black ribbon, that did not, like the common "chokers" of public speakers, at all confine the well-fitting collar of his shirt, which, without being worn *a la Byron*, was so arranged as to allow his head the "largest liberty" in turning from side to side.



## CHAPTER XIV.

"IN a country like this," he began, "where the popular will forms the very basis of the government under which we live—the tortoise whereon our whole political system may be said to rest—and the cry of the demagogue, that 'the voice of the people is the voice of God,' has been received as a new revelation, we can not wonder that Public Opinion is so generally deferred to, as that judge on all controverted points from whose decision there can be no appeal, or that a blaze of indignation should be spread over the whole length and breadth of the land whenever a man, or a body of men, is found to prefer the dictates of sound reason or an honest conscience, to those of this great arbiter in the affairs of the nation. And yet—I hope I do not risk the charge of heresy by the avowal—there are few things that, in my belief, are less to be relied upon than this same Public Opinion, which has, in

our own country, and within our own day, rallied beneath its banner the disorganizer and fanatic, and all those social incendiaries, who seek the attainment of their own private ends by means of this 'Veiled Prophet,' as many like them did in the days of Mokanna.

"It has been beautifully said by one of our own poets, that

'Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies amid his worshippers;'

and were both the propositions contained in these elegant lines equally true, it would be the feat of a Quixotte to run a tilt against a thing so innocuous—such a mere windmill—as this Public Opinion would then become. But unfortunately they are not. The immortality of Truth will not of course be questioned. She is the daughter of God, and, like Him, was before the foundations of the earth were laid, and will be when all that seems eternal to the finite sense of man, shall have been rolled together like a shrivelled scroll, and passed away forever. But Error, though he claims no such paterernity, is destined to live—if not throughout the countless ages of eternity—at least until the end of

time; and though wounded in a thousand ways, since the day that the great Anarch succeeded in creating in Paradise a Public Opinion adverse to the authority of the Almighty down to this in which we live, he yet shows no symptoms of declining strength, nor will he so long as man shall submit his judgment to the caprices of Public Opinion, instead of humbling it in obedience to the laws of justice and of common sense.

“And, after all, what is this Public Opinion of which we hear and read so much? which is insulted now by the words of one man or party, and outraged again by the acts of another, although neither the words nor the acts offend against any moral or social law? Is it like Truth, unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, among all tribes, and tongues, and peoples? Or is it a creature of circumstances, a figment of the times, a local conventionality, born of whim and nurtured by folly? That it is not immutable, every one must admit; and the least observant among us cannot fail to see, that it is not every where the same—the Public Opinion of the North and the South in our own country, and the Public Opinion of London and Paris, of Rome and Vienna, St. Petersburg and Constantinople having very little in common but

the name. It follows, then, one would suppose, as a matter of course, that some of these opinions must be wrong; and he who receives error for truth, because it clothes itself in the garb of Public Opinion, sins against the dignity of that reason with which his Creator has endowed him.

“In the cursory glance,” he continued, “that I now propose to take of certain fallacies which have the support of Public Opinion, it is not my intention to pass under review those of a political nature. Politics, always a dangerous subject for a tyro to handle, are particularly dangerous at this time, while the clarion tones of him who has been called the ‘Messiah of Democracy’ are still ringing in our ears, and the heart of a mighty nation—stimulated into undue action by generous sympathy for the down-trodden millions of Europe, or, it may be, by gratified vanity—beats too tumultuously not to affect the functions of the brain, and whether the government under which we live, the only one that could, as we believe, in the few years of our national existence, have so perfectly developed the native energies of the ‘young Giant of the West,’ be as well adapted to the wants of every other people as it is to ours, as the Public Opinion of America would have us think, or whether, according to the

Public Opinion of most, if not all, the nations of Europe, it is unfit for any other country, are questions which, if I had the ability, I most certainly have not the wish to discuss, and will dismiss them with the simple remark, that it is a government which has, as it eminently deserves to have, a right to my allegiance, and the allegiance of every one whose person and property it protects, whether he be native here, or whether he has by adoption made this land his own.

“Nor do I intend to trouble you with a dissertation upon a subject that has already engaged the attention of some of our greatest minds. The prosperity of this country is universally acknowledged; and if some feelings of human pride mingle with those of gratitude to Heaven for a prosperity so unparalleled, it is but natural. But,”—and here the hot blood mounted to the cheek of the speaker, and a very pretty scorn curled his classic lip,—“the claim set up by our industrious fellow-citizens of the Eastern States—a claim supported by a distinguished statesman, and one of the greatest masters of eloquence in the land;—by his humble imitators in anniversary speeches, and at anniversary dinners;—and imported penny-a-liners from the kingdom of Cockaigne, who are, to a great extent, the manufac-

turers of Public Opinion for our boasted and boastful metropolis—that we are indebted for all this prosperity to the Anglo-Saxon energy diffused among us through Puritan blood, is simply ridiculous. If it be hard for the people of England themselves to support their claim to the Anglo-Saxon name—and that it is hard, every reader of history must know—how, in the name of common sense, are Americans to establish theirs? And as to the Puritan blood in our veins, as a nation, it will probably bear about the same proportion to that derived from other sources, as the waters of even the ‘Father of Rivers’ to those of the unnumbered streams that mingle with it in the mighty ocean, where all alike are lost.

“The enterprise, or, to use a more significant term, the ‘cuteness of the pious descendants of the ‘Pilgrim Fathers,’ as it is now the fashion to call the hardy adventurers who, two hundred and odd years ago, landed on Plymouth Rock, is admitted by all; and, in the way of making a bargain, it is conceded, that even the dullest of their compatriots have learned something. Yet, if to the example of our New England brethren we are indebted for much of the enterprise which has characterized us as a nation, and for which we most cheerfully render them our thanks, some little credit is certainly due to the

other races of which we are composed for their readiness in adopting that enterprise, and the unflagging industry with which they have carried it on ; and to the whole people then should the honour be given for our present prosperous condition, and not to those of any particular race, even though that race be the Anglo-Saxon.

“Nor would I,” he continued, “if it were possible to avoid it, touch upon the subject of religion ;—a subject that should ever be approached with reverential diffidence by a layman, lest, by unguardedly thrusting forth his hand upon sacred things, though to save from falling the Ark of the Lord, he should incur the fate of Uzzah. But in a lecture upon ‘Public Opinion’ some reference to it is absolutely necessary ; and if as an American—born to an heritage of freedom—I am bound to defend my birth-right by every means in my power, I may be permitted one word, at least, in favour of another inheritance of which I boast, and to which the first—great and glorious as it certainly is—will bear no comparison ;—an inheritance that, although I lay no claim to a relationship with the great ones of this world, has descended to me from an illustrious ancestry in the faith, of kings, of prophets, and of priests, and through which I claim a title far supe-

riour to any that a mere earthly monarch can bestow;—the title of Catholic!

“In an assembly like this, I need hardly say what it is to be a Catholic. But what is it in the ‘Public Opinion’ of this country, which boasts its freedom from the ignorance and prejudices that still enthrall so large a portion of the Christian world? A slave or a tyrant;—a fool, or a knave. Yes, he who would patiently submit—or submit at all, to the mental bondage in which, according to this ‘Public Opinion,’ we are held by our spiritual superiours, is a slave, and he who could receive for truths the absurdities with which the creed of Catholics is charged, must be, unquestionably, a fool; while the man who would deny to his brother all liberty of thought is a tyrant, or who, to subserve his own base purposes, would impose upon the credulity of the being that looks up to him for guidance, is the worst of knaves. It is in vain that we appeal to the testimony of ages; to the history even of our own land, and to the acknowledged intelligence of the Catholics of these United States, to show how false are the premises upon which this opinion is founded. We might as well lift up our voices against the wind. The outcries of ignorance and fanaticism, mendacity and malice have been listened



to, instead of the words of reason and of truth. The cause is adjudged. The decision is not to be reversed, though confessedly contrary to every known law of equity.

“Yet not only the Catholic of our day,” he went on to say, and his youthful form dilated, and his boyish features became grand in their sudden manliness, “though possessed of the clear mental vision of a Hughes, the scholarship of a Kenrick, the logical mind of a Brownson, or the legal acumen and high moral worth of a Taney; the intellectual grasp of a Wiseman, the apostolic zeal of a Newman, the patient industry and impartial honesty of a Lingard, or the quaint lore of a Digby; the exquisite fancy of a Moore, the severe Christian taste of a Pugin, the manly eloquence of a Montalembert, or the loving heart, commanding talents, and exalted virtues of a Pio Nono, but every one who has borne the Catholic name since the standard of the Cross was first planted on the ruins of Paganism; whether he was one who, in bearing the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen, left his bones to whiten beneath the sun of an eastern sky, or to moulder amid the forests of our western world; ransomed his brother from slavery by the sacrifice of his own freedom; braved, in defence of a nation’s rights, the

anger of a tyrant; wrested the liberties of the Church from the grasp of an avaricious king; rolled back the tide of Mahometanism, that threatened at one time to overwhelm the whole Christian world; kept alive in his cell the flickering lamp of science, or fanned into a blaze the dying embers of the ancient learning, until its light was shed abroad over all the nations of the earth; invented that art by which the intellectual wealth of departed ages is brought into the homes of the poor of our own time; furnished the mariner with a certain guide in his perilous wanderings over the deep, or won from the dominion of ocean a world in which Liberty, when driven from every other abiding-place, is always sure of a welcome and a home—is and was, if ‘Public Opinion’ is to be believed, a slave or a tyrant, a fool or a knave.

“England, however, still boasts of those who, at Runnymede, extorted from the pusillanimous John the charter of her rights; and Scotland is justly proud of her Wallace and her Bruce. The name of Tell will live as long as the mountains of his native land shall lift their proud heads to heaven; nor, while the shamrock returns with the spring to her meadows, will Ireland forget her O’Connell, and, until the record of the severe, but successful, struggle

of America for her independence shall be blotted from the page of history, will the name of Charles Carroll be held in veneration by every one who justly regards the liberty of his country among the greatest of temporal blessings. Yet these were all Catholics; and if it is to be a fool, to receive without doubting the truths which the Church teaches, and a slave to submit to her government, in every thing of a purely spiritual nature, devoted patriots as these men were, and lofty as were their intellects, to both these titles had each of them a very just claim.

“I do not mean, however,” he added modestly, “to enter the lists with ‘Public Opinion’ in defence of Catholic doctrines or of the Catholic character. The Church has too many able and experienced soldiers in the ranks of those who fight beneath her banners to render the championship of her cause by a mere volunteer at all necessary. But to one of the most frequently iterated charges against her by the creators of ‘Public Opinion’—English declaimers and their echoes on this side of the great waters—I beg leave a moment to advert, for the purpose of enforcing the value of the good, time-honoured saying, that ‘They who live in glass houses should not throw stones;’ and this is, that the Church, to main-

tain the power she long ago usurped over the human mind, has always striven to keep her children in ignorance; that is, her children in every land but this, for here, I believe, it is hardly pretended that she has made any attempt of the kind. Now, this is a charge which any Catholic, who would think it worth the trouble, might with very little difficulty refute. It is one, however, that I at present will simply deny, and demand of those who make it something more than mere assertion for its support. But were it as true as it is notoriously false, it would come with a bad grace from any English writer, who could bring no facts to controvert the statements made in parliamentary reports, of the ignorance and degradation of the multitudes employed in the factories, and particularly those of Mr. Henry Mayhew, in his book on 'London Labour and the London Poor.'

"According to this gentleman, who is both an Englishman and a Protestant, and one, therefore, whose testimony will not be questioned, in the very heart of London,—the religious metropolis of the Protestant world, the would-be rival of Rome, which has set up St. Paul in opposition to St. Peter, and made of Exeter Hall, with its innumerable popes, a sort of Vatican, as children affect with

cards to imitate those wonderful structures of the past that even Time seems impotent to destroy—there are thirty thousand immortal beings—souls that have been made in the express image of God, and redeemed by the blood of His only Son—sunk in vices so abominable, and in ignorance so gross, that, in point of morals and intelligence, they would compare unfavourably with the denizens of the American forests, and be hardly considered superiour to the animals in human form that grow fat in filth and laziness on the banks of the Congo. These thirty thousand form that class of people known by the name of Costermongers, and live by the sale of fish, fruit, and vegetables in the streets. They are of both sexes and of all ages, from the young child who is just able to lisp an oath, to the man and woman grown old in iniquity, and all are alike untaught in the simplest truths of religion. ‘And their consciences,’ to use the words of this author, ‘are as little developed as their intellects. Indeed, the moral and religious state of these men is a foul disgrace to us; laughing to scorn our zeal for the propagation of the gospel in *foreign* parts, and making our many societies for the civilization of savages on the other side of the globe appear ‘a delusion, a mockery, and a snare,’ when we have so many

people sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism round about our very homes. It is well to have Bishops of New Zealand, when we have christianized all *our own* heathen. But with thirty thousand individuals, merely in *one* of our cities, utterly creedless, mindless, and principleless, it would surely look more like earnestness on our parts, if we created Bishops of the New Cut, and sent Right Reverend Fathers to watch over the cure of souls in the Broadway and the Brille.'

"There may be ignorance among Catholics, and no doubt there is great ignorance of much that modern progressivists think it so necessary for us to know; but among all the nations that boast the Catholic name, it would not only be hard, but impossible to find the same number of human beings ignorant of the simplest elements of religion—and after all, religion is the only true knowledge—that may at this day be found in the city of London, the centre, according to 'Public Opinion,' of civilization and Christian enlightenment."

The literary merits of his lecture, in which he continued for half an hour longer or more, to expose the fallacies of "Public Opinion" upon many subjects, especially upon that of literature, though certainly not of the highest order were very creditable

to the industry, if not to the scholarship, of one so young, even if he had only "crammed,"—as many an older man might have done—for the purpose of getting up his discourse, which was written with considerable vigour as well as elegance. But a far less meritorious production from such a lecturer could not have failed of success, for while "sweet as the honey of Hybla" were the words that fell from his eloquent lips, his youth, his beauty, and his grace won for him the admiration of every one present;—even Miss Frothingham, forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, his relationship to her maid Condon, joined rapturously in the applause that followed as he withdrew, and Madame de Luynes, with a face radiant with pleasure, said to Mrs. Everest, as they rose to depart, "I am satisfied!"

## CHAPTER XV.

THE morning after the lecture, Lizzie Condon and the lady who was with the Condons the night before were seated in a small and handsomely, but not richly, furnished parlour, engaged in a conversation that seemed to have been more than serious;—it was sad, for there were traces of recent tears upon the cheeks of the former, which had been dried by the heat of indignation that now glowed in her face.

“I shall never forgive myself,” continued Lizzie, “the weakness of having become reconciled to him after our long estrangement. But every time I have met him since that chance meeting on my way home from Hathaway’s, which has happened at least once a week for nearly three months, he seemed more and more like the Tighe of former days, and from his manner towards me, I began foolishly to flatter myself that his early affection for me had undergone no change.”



"But I wonder," said the lady, "that Nelly, while living with the Frothinghams, did not tell you of his visits to that young lady."

"Nelly had not spoken of him to me for a long time, until we were going home last night, when she told me that it was on account of Tighe's visits that she left Miss Frothingham, although she never chanced to meet him there."

"Well, my dear, though a disappointment of this kind is certainly hard to bear, yet, I think, you will one day be thankful for it. The fellow is not worthy of you. 'There is,' as my country-people say, 'a dirty drop in him.' His father, though a good sort of man in his way, was rather sordid in his notions—doing things for money's sake that one of nobler nature would have shrunk from, and his mother is meanness personified. He is certainly handsome, with much of the gentleman in his appearance. But his gentlemanliness is all on the outside—not of the heart; gilded copper, not solid gold."

"Yet he seemed so different once, aunt."

"I dare say. But at that time the latent evil of his nature had not been developed; and he might have gone on through life seeming to every one just what you then thought him, had not the sympathetic ink, in which his real character was written, been

exposed to the fire of temptation, in the form of a rich and fashionable girl."

"But she is pretty, aunt, as well as rich and fashionable."

"O yes, she is very well; but if she had had nothing but her prettiness to recommend her, she would have stood long enough in the market, my dear, before any one would have thought of asking her price."

At this moment, after a premonitory knock, Mary Woodnorth opened the door, and said there was a lady below, who wished to see Mrs. St. Remy.

"Please ask the lady to walk up, my darling," said Mrs. St. Remy, and a minute after Mary returned with the lady, and, having shown her into the parlour, retired.

Mrs. St. Remy had risen upon the entrance of the lady, and now advanced a step to meet her; but the moment she beheld the face of the stranger, the colour left her cheek, and her manner became painfully embarrassed.

"My visit, I fear," said the lady, "is either ill-timed or unwelcome."

"O no, madam," said Mrs. St. Remy, in reply, rather coldly, and, it might be, a little proudly also, "only very unexpected."

"At any rate, it does not seem to give the pleasure that I hoped it would."

"It has taken me so by surprise," stammered Mrs. St. Remy, "that— But will you not be seated, Miss Romeyn?"

"I will be seated," returned the stranger, laughing pleasantly, and taking the offered chair, "if only long enough to say, that, in twenty years, I have had time enough to change the name of Romeyn for something else."

"So I supposed, madam; but, as I have heard nothing of you in all that time, you will excuse me, I hope, if I have not called you by the name you now bear."

"There is nothing to excuse, my dear aunt, as I hope you will permit me to call you, for our ignorance of each other has been mutual. It was not until lately I learned that my dear, handsome, *insouciant* uncle was ever married, and then merely by a reference to the fact in a letter I found among some old papers of my father's. But that told me nothing of his wife, and it was not until last evening that I knew, that my old friend and companion, Nora Condon, was now my aunt. A friend invited me to accompany her to the lecture of a young man by the name of De St. Remy. The name of the

lecturer, which is not a common one, rather than the lecture, induced me to comply, and in the speaker's likeness to my uncle I had no difficulty in recognizing my cousin; and by the rapt attention of one of his auditors, whose face, though changed, I had not forgotten, I very soon discovered who was his mother. And here I am, to pay my dutiful respects to my aunt, and claim relationship with her son."

The iciness with which Mrs. St. Remy had received her visitor, was completely thawed by the genial warmth of Madame de Luynes's manner, for she, as the reader already knows, it was; and while these new-found relations are conversing of the past, we will go back a few years, and bring down the history of the former to the present time.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Condon came to America, they brought with them a young sister of the former, then about sixteen, for whom, as they could not afford to maintain her in idleness—nor would they have thought it wise to do so if they could—through means of a friend, they obtained a situation as sempstress with Mrs. Romeyn, to whose daughter, who was nearly of her own age, she became rather a companion than a servant. Nora was remarkably “up-taking,” as her country people say, and soon acquired quite the manners of a lady; and being very pretty, she early attracted the notice of Mrs. Romeyn’s brother—the Vicomte de St. Remy, as he would have been called in his native France—a handsome, idle, extravagant young man of fashion, who had little to depend upon but the bounty of his brother-in-law, who had in vain endeavoured to inoculate him with his own talent for business,

and was, therefore, however much he might have been admired by young ladies in his own immediate sphere, by no means a favourite with prudent mammas, who had an eye to the eligible establishment of their daughters matrimonially.

The attentions of such a man as Victor de St. Remy, could not be otherwise than flattering to a girl like Nora, and her simple little head was nearly turned, and her vain little heart swollen almost to bursting with gratified pride, by the conquest she had achieved. Yet giddy as was the head, and vain as was the heart of this young girl, she was not without those principles of virtue common to the meanest of her countrywomen, and so necessary to the safety of her sex; and those principles rendered her proof for more than two years against all the flatteries and cajoleries of even this favoured lover, who found it impossible to make her his in any other way, than in the old-fashioned way of marriage. And so marry her he did, without the knowledge, as it would have assuredly been without the consent, of the friends of either party; for while the Romeyns would have regarded the marriage of a St. Remy with a low-born, and almost uneducated sewing girl as a most mortifying *mésalliance*, the Condons would have thought—and justly—that a

marriage, so unequal, was not likely to promote the happiness of those most deeply interested in it.

This foolish act was kept secret from the Romeyns until after their departure for Europe, when it was communicated to Mr. Romeyn by letter, and was made known to the Condons only a short time before Nora became a mother. Of the letter to Mr. Romeyn, no notice was taken by that gentleman, nor was the information it conveyed ever referred to by Mrs. Romeyn in her frequent letters to her brother; and, notwithstanding the kind mediation of his wife, the news of his sister's marriage was received by Condon with unmistakable displeasure; and feeling that they had seriously offended their friends, the young people resolved thenceforth to live for one another only. But this was a resolution easier made than kept. Nora, it is true, with her womanly occupations, succeeded in making herself comparatively happy in the humble home which the limited means of her husband enabled him to keep for her. But it was otherwise with Victor. He had been too long accustomed to society to settle quietly down into a mere domestic man, and, after a few week's seclusion, returned to his old accustomed haunts, and the Club of which he had been hitherto one of the most delightful members.

Love matches are very pretty things to read of in novels and poems. But, somehow, they do not seem as well calculated for the wear and tear of everyday life as others of a more prosaic character. At least, this of Victor's and Nora's—which was a love-match of the most approved order—did not. The beauty, which had attracted the attention and won the admiration of St. Remy, was now, by the long illness of Nora that followed the birth of her child, very sensibly impaired, and as his admiration declined, the passion it had kindled, and which he had mistaken for genuine affection, became less glowing, until it finally sank to the coolness of decent matrimonial indifference; and day by day, as some unamiable trait of natural frivolity, or acquired selfishness, in the character of her husband was revealed to poor Nora, and she was forced to admit, that the being whom, in her girlish fancy, she had invested almost with the attributes of Deity, was, after all, but a very ordinary mortal indeed, she could not but be conscious of a painful change in her feelings towards him, and nothing but her sense of duty as a wife saved him from her contempt, if not aversion.

But death, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The Cholera, that terrible Scourge of the Al-



mighty, now visited the city for the first time, and among the earliest of its victims was Victor de St. Remy. Then all his weaknesses, all his faults were at once forgotten by his young widow, who remembered only his manly beauty, his courtly grace, and the assiduities by which her affections had been won, and the love that had been withered, and almost destroyed, by his coolness and neglect, now revived in her heart in all its early freshness and vigour, and the memory of her husband was, from that time forth, the dearest and most carefully hoarded treasure in the bosom of Nora.

The small patrimony of St. Remy, certain lands in one of the western counties of New York, purchased by his father on his first arrival in America, had been sunk with his brother-in-law for an annuity, that was not unfrequently very greatly increased by the liberality of Mr. Romeyn. This annuity, of course, died with him, and Nora was now left dependent upon her own exertions for the support of herself and her child, a boy between two and three years old. That she should have many difficulties to encounter, she well knew; yet she neither shrank from, nor sought to evade them, "for it's a poor hen," she said, "that cannot scratch for one chick;" and with a courage that no one had

given her credit for possessing, she bravely met and grappled single-handed with them. And most beautiful was it to see with what patience, what self-forgetfulness, what singleness of purpose this feeble, inexperienced, isolated woman devoted herself to the duties of her new and painful position, not alone as the sole support, but the guardian also and guide of her little charge.

Years passed; yet time, that is said to "work wonders," wrought no change in the circumstances of Mrs. St. Remy, or, if any, certainly none for the better, for her health was beginning to fail, while the necessity for exertion increased with every day. Maurice, her son, now an extremely handsome lad of fourteen, had every year since the death of his father been a cause of greater expense to her, as well as of greater anxiety. Knowing how acutely the young feel whatever may give them an appearance of inferiority to those of their own age, she never suffered him to go ill-dressed, though to dress him well, and keep him at a respectable school, often compelled her to forego for herself many of the comforts, and some, too, of the very necessities of life. This, however, was nothing in her eyes, so long as she had hope that her son would, one day, take rank among the intelligent and enterprising

men of his country. But this hope was every year becoming less; for Maurice, without being positively vicious, seemed to have no higher ambition than to lead in every act of mischief perpetrated in his neighbourhood; and, with a mind that was sand to receive, and rock to retain, the instructions of his teachers, he showed so decided a preference for play, or fun, as he called it, over study, that the poor woman began to regard it as a waste of money and of time to keep him longer at school.

Yet, thoughtless, idle, mischievous as he was, the heart of Maurice de St. Remy—he always wrote his name with the aristocratic *de*—was, to use a common expression, still in the right place. He certainly loved his mother very dearly; and if the persons in his immediate neighbourhood were less annoyed by the mysterious ringing of door-bells, the sudden extinguishment of gas during a party, or the unexpected entrance of a cat at an open casement, than those a block or two off, it was because he feared that the rumour of those things would reach and pain his mother; and to this feeling of love for his parent was at last attributable the change in his character which, about this time, made, as it might be said, “the widow’s heart to sing for joy.”

Maurice, who, like most of the young and health-

ful, was usually a sound sleeper, happened one night to be awakened by a noise in the street just as the clock struck one, and seeing a light in the room that served them "for parlour and kitchen and all," into which his own little dormitory opened, he looked out, and beheld his mother bending over her work, as he generally saw her during the day, but there was in her face, as seen by the light of the lamp, an expression of greater weariness and pain than he had ever marked there before, and when, with a heavy sigh, she rose to take something from a shelf, he noticed that she moved with the listlessness of one worn out with physical suffering.

He was alarmed; and after watching her for some minutes, called to know what was the matter.

"Nothing dear," she answered.

"Then what are you doing up so very late? 'Tis after one."

"I know it; but that is not so very late for me."

"Surely, mother, you do not usually sit up till this hour?"

"Often, my son, to a much later one, when I have hurried work."

A pang shot to the heart of the boy, for he felt that but for him the lot of his mother had been less hard, and before he again addressed himself to sleep,

he formed the resolution of seeking, in some way, to relieve her of a portion of the burthen she was now bearing for him.

In the morning, having dressed himself with unusual care, he went out immediately after breakfast, to play, as his mother thought, for it was now the time of vacation. But there was no thought of play in the mind of Maurice this morning, as any one would have known, who had seen the earnestness of purpose that marked his youthful countenance, as he trod, with almost manly firmness, the streets of the city, until he turned out of Fulton Street into Nassau. Here he halted; and after looking around for a moment, entered a lawyer's office, and, hat in hand, approaching a spectacled old gentleman, who sat writing at a table, asked, in a very unsteady voice, if he had any employment for a boy.

"No," answered the old gentleman, gruffly, without looking up. And this ungracious answer was given, in as many different tones, by a score or more of gentlemen to whom he addressed himself, hardly one of whom condescended so far as to bestow even a glance upon the questioner.

This was sadly discouraging; but, as he had expected some rebuffs, his mind was made up to bear them as philosophically as possible, and he still per-

severed in his search for employment among lawyers and others, until he got down as far as the Custom House, but without success. This Beautiful Mistake, although his whole life had been passed in the city, was entirely new to him, and following the example of a great number of men and a greater number of boys, he made the high and laborious ascent, and entered it by the front on Wall Street, when he found himself in the midst of a scene of confusion of which, until that moment, he had never formed an idea, and from which, after being hustled from side to side by well-dressed young rowdies, he was glad to make his escape as soon as possible.

His exit was made at a door opposite that by which he had entered, and into a broad, quiet passage, or hall, which was just then in the sole possession of LOUISE, *la Vivandière* for a certain portion of Uncle Sam's army, and feeling the attraction of her friendly face, he stopped and bought a few cents' worth of fruit, that he might have an excuse for entering into conversation with her, when he asked, if she thought there was any employment in that great building for a boy like him.

"Bless your dear heart, my child," said the kind Louise, "though the boys about here get enough to do, it a'n't the kind o' work that would suit you, and

they a'n't the kind o' boys neither that you would like to 'sociate with, for they are, without acception, the very worst set the Lord ever made. But stop a moment. Here comes a gentleman what may be may know somebody what wants a boy. Wood-north," she said, familiarly addressing a gentleman who was passing, "hold on a moment. I want to speak to you. Here's a nice little chap what wants a situation, and looks quite too good to go among them 'ere broker boys. Do you know any merchant what would like to hire him?"

"Why, no, Louise, I don't," the gentleman answered carelessly. "But if I hear of any, I will let you know." He moved on a step or two, when, stopping, he turned and asked, "What is your name, my lad?"

"Maurice de St. Remy."

"Maurice de St. Remy? And your father's?"

"Was Victor, Vicomte de St. Remy," answered Maurice, unconsciously drawing himself up.

"He is dead, then? O yes, I remember now to have heard it at the time."

"Did you know my father, sir?" asked Maurice, eagerly, for he, poor boy, who knew nothing of him but what he had learned from his mother, thought it must have been an honour, as well as a pleasure, to

have known his father, and was delighted to meet with one who could speak of him.

"I did, my boy," answered the gentleman, "know your father very well, and I think I know your mother, too. Ah, Lewis," he said, calling after a gentleman who had bowed to him in passing, "a moment. You were in want of a boy some days ago. Have you succeeded in getting one?"

"Not yet," answered Mr. Lewis, returning, and looking interrogatively at Woodnorth.

"Then here is one I would like to recommend to you."

"You know him well, of course?"

"Of, the boy himself positively nothing, except what I have learned from his face. But I know the stock of which he comes, and am not afraid to recommend him."

Maurice looked his thanks, but said nothing.

"Have you been with any one before?" asked Mr. Lewis, of Maurice.

"No, sir."

"Then there is no one but this gentleman to speak in your favour?"

"No one, sir," returned Maurice, naïvely, "except my mother."

Mr. Lewis smiled.



"And you know nothing of business?" Mr. Lewis continued.

"Nothing practically, sir. But I write a good hand, and have some knowledge of book-keeping, and, as I am willing to learn, I think I should soon be able to do whatever you required of me."

"I could not give you much for the first year."

"I am sure you would give me what you thought I really deserved, sir; and even a little would be much to one who has never yet earned a cent."

It was thereupon agreed, that Maurice should come to Mr. Lewis a month on trial, at two dollars a week, and with the news of his good fortune, he returned with light steps and a lighter heart to his mother, who received it with a joy even greater than his, for it proved how powerful must have been the affection for her that could all at once have overcome his love of idleness and fun. His month of probation over, he was permanently engaged by Mr. Lewis, a New York merchant of the old school, who, as his services increased in value, proportionably increased his wages, until, at the end of six years, he was in the receipt of a salary that enabled him to maintain his mother and himself quite respectably, when a new incentive to exertion was given him, by the promise of a partnership in the

house of his employer, as soon as he should have attained his majority, now but a few months distant.

But while he devoted his days to business, the evenings of Maurice were given to literary pursuits, in which he was encouraged, and greatly aided, by his fast friend Mr. Woodnorth, and in his small circle was already looked upon as the future Roscoe of his native city. Indeed, so high an estimate was placed upon his abilities, that on more than one occasion, boy as he still was, he had been called upon to lecture before the "Institute," of which he was a prominent and efficient member, but never with the *eclat* that attended his effort of last night, which was mainly owing, however, to the kind offices of Mr. Woodnorth, who had spoken of him at Mrs. Everest's, a few evenings before, in such terms that the curiosity of many was excited to hear him, and these with their friends made up his first fashionable audience, and, we may as well add, his last, for his vocation thenceforth was to work and not to talk.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

"It is fortunate for me," said Madame de Luynes, when she had heard the widow's story, and wishing to make it appear that she was about to receive, instead of conferring, a favour, "that my cousin is to be connected with so excellent a man as Mr. Lewis, as I would like to invest a few unemployed thousands in some safe business, and think I could not do better than place them in Maurice's name with his employer, knowing that I shall have some one in 'the concern,' as people say, to look well to my interests, while the investment itself will be likely to enhance, if possible, the value of his future partner to the head of the house. But of this we will speak hereafter, for now I must take my leave, begging you to bring Maurice, and Miss Lizzie here, to see me to-morrow evening, when, that we may be able to pass it pleasantly together, I will deny myself to all other visitors. But," she continued, as

she rose to depart, "you have spoken only of your son. Is not the sweet little girl that admitted me also my cousin?"

"That," answered Mrs. St. Remy, "is the daughter of Mr. Woodnorth."

"Does he live in this house?"

"He does. When our circumstances were less prosperous than they are at present, he kindly let us have the rooms we now occupy, and though Maurice thinks them small and old-fashioned, yet, remembering the early kindness of our landlord, we are quite unwilling to leave them, particularly as poor little Mary, since the death of her mother, is sometimes in need of my assistance."

Upon this Madame de Luynes made no comment; but after having, with her usual graciousness, taken leave of Lizzie and her aunt, and descended the stairs, she stopped at the foot of them and kissed Mary Woodnorth, who had come out to open the door for her.

Lizzie spent the day with Mrs. St. Remy; but, as Maurice was not expected in until late, she left before it was quite dark, to return home by the way of Hathaway's, where she had to leave, and also to get, some work. Here she was detained much longer than she had expected to be, and when she

quitted the store, found that night had fallen upon the city, and being by no means a very brave girl, proceeded upon her way as rapidly as possible. But not alone, as she at first thought; for she soon became aware of some one keeping close to her side, and glancing timidly around, to see what her companion was like, beheld the face of Tighe Lyfford.

Her first impulse was to endeavour to escape him by flight; but checking this, she stopped, and haughtily demanded what he meant by this evident pursuit of her.

"I saw you alone," he answered respectfully, almost timidly, "and, as I wished to say a word to you, hoped you would allow me to accompany you on your way home."

"I do not need any company, sir," said Lizzie, sharply; "and if you have any thing to say to me, come to my mother's house by day and say it."

"If you will but allow me, I would prefer saying it here, and now," he urged.

"Say it then, and quickly, for I would be alone."

"You may remember, perhaps, that when I first left home for college, you were good enough to assist my mother in preparing certain things for me; among which were some handkerchiefs; and that in

one of them, after much importunity, you worked my name and your own in your hair?"

"I am aware of having done many things in my life that it would not be very pleasant to be reminded of. But to the point."

"That handkerchief I have since regarded as something sacred; but as circumstances may render it improper for me longer to keep it ——"

"Then throw it into the fire," said Lizzie, contemptuously, turning from him.

"Pardon me, I cannot do that; but beg instead to give into your own hands, for you to do as you please with it." And here he presented her a small parcel, which she took, and saying, "Now leave me," was moving forward, when he again addressed her.

"Allow me to see you past those vacant lots."

"I bid you leave me, sir," she returned, almost fiercely, for at that moment the memory of the past was strong within her, and as she could hardly restrain the tears that, in spite of all the efforts of her pride to keep them down, were beginning to well up from her heart, she determined to get rid of him before he should have an opportunity to triumph in her weakness. "There is no danger I would not sooner meet than longer endure your presence. Go!"

"At least you will say 'Good bye' to me, for, perhaps, the last time?" And he held out his hand; but, striking it from her, she left him almost upon a run.

Nelly was away at service in her new place, and little Arthur asleep in his trundlebed, and so Mrs. Condon was sitting alone, awaiting the return of Lizzie; but, as she was busy with her work, the time did not seem long, and it was not until the clock of a neighbouring church struck ten that she thought of the lateness of the hour, and began to wonder why Lizzie did not come. But then she thought that Maurice, who was often kept down town till late, had detained her, and as he would see her home, she had no cause for uneasiness, and so she continued her work, while her mind was busy with the past.

The clock struck eleven. It was very wrong of Lizzie to stay away so late, and it was not right of Nora and Maurice to keep her from home until that hour. But then the evening had passed pleasantly, no doubt, and few of us, when we are happy or amused, take any note of time. She must soon come now, however; and she went on again with her work.

The clock struck twelve. Good Heaven! what

keeps the girl? Something surely must have happened, or she would have been home ere this. But Maurice is fond of the play; so, too, is Nora; and Lizzie, poor thing! who has really been nowhere this winter, nor for a long time before, has been prevailed upon to go with them to the theatre. It was very wrong, indeed, for Lizzie to go to such a place in Lent, and it was a shame for them to take her without letting her mother know, and so she would tell them; and here she folded up her work and put it away, and then sat down at the window, as if looking out into the dark and silent street could hasten the return of her daughter; and thus she sat until the clock struck one. She could control her impatience no longer, but determined to go at once to her sister-in-law's, and learn what all this could mean; so, rising, she woke her little son, and, wrapping him in a shawl, while the sleep was still in the eyes of the wondering child, hurried with him into the street.

The house was entirely dark when she reached Mrs. St. Remy's door, and it was not until she had knocked several times that a dormer-window was opened, and some one asked who was there.

"'Tis I, Maurice," she answered. "Is Lizzie here?"



"Lizzie, aunt? Lizzie left for home before dark."

"Oh, Heaven! what does this mean!" exclaimed the agonized mother, and reeling forward, she fell heavily against the door, greatly to the alarm of little Arthur, who thereupon set up a most piteous cry, which was only hushed by the soothings of Maurice, who just then had come down to admit them. The noise brought Woodnorth, as well as Mrs. St. Remy into the hall, and it was some minutes before their united efforts could restore the poor woman to consciousness.

"Oh, she is murdered!" were the first words she uttered. "My beautiful child, the pride and darling of my heart is murdered! Nora, Nora, had it been a dog of yours, I'd not have let it from my door, unprotected, at such an hour."

Poor Mrs. St. Remy was too much shocked to offer a word to exculpate herself. But Maurice spoke for her.

"Indeed, aunt," he said, "it was no fault of my mother's that Lizzie left here alone. She would not wait till I came home from the store, which a hurry of business made later than usual, and as it was not quite dark when she went away, no one could have supposed that any evil would befall her in so short a walk."

"Indeed, Rose dear, it was no fault of mine," sobbed Mrs. St. Remy.

"Och, I know it wasn't, Nora. But Lizzie! Lizzie! my murdered darling! where shall I seek you now?"

"My dear madam," said Woodnorth, soothingly, "let us hope that your daughter, having called upon some friend, has been prevailed upon to stay all night."

"Sir," returned Mrs. Condon, with some asperity, "you know little of my Lizzie to suppose such a thing possible. She has no friends out of her own family. And if she had, she would not be so careless of my feelings, as to leave me a whole night in anxiety on her account."

Maurice and Woodnorth accompanied Mrs. Condon home, each hoping that Lizzie might have returned in the absence of her mother. But it was a vain hope. No Lizzie was there; and the night was passed in passionate grief by Mrs. Condon, and in vain attempts at consolation on the part of her friends.

The next day, and for many days after, the most diligent and extensive searches and enquiries were made by Maurice and Nelly's single-hearted lover, Mark Hurley, while the press and police, stimulated

into activity by the liberality of Madame de Luynes, were both engaged in unravelling the mystery that shrouded the fate of the missing girl. But all to no purpose. The bundle of work she had brought from Hathaway's was found in an open lot not far from her mother's house, and this was all that told of her whereabouts that evening, and if the earth had opened and swallowed her she could not have been more lost to human sight. Mrs. Condon had borne many afflictions, with a spirit of endurance which was hardly to be expected from one of her sex. But it is the last straw that breaks the back of the camel, and this sorrow was too much for even her to bear, and she sank beneath it, and for many days the life of the poor sufferer was despaired of. She rallied a little, however, after a while, thanks to the excellent care of her devoted Nelly, and the unremitted kindness and sympathy of Nora and her son, Mark Hurley and her other friends, and, let us add, the beneficence of Madame de Luynes, who, through Mrs. St. Remy, provided bountifully for the wants of this afflicted family. But though the life of the body was in a great measure restored, that of the spirit seemed too much crushed ever to revive.

The night after the disappearance of Lizzie, two men of ruffianly appearance, emerging from the

cellar of a rookery in a well-known part of the city, proceeded leisurely and in silence towards a palatial residence a few blocks distant, and which, without stopping to knock or ring, for the door seemed to open of its own volition, they entered, and ascending to a small room at the top of the house, found an elderly woman sitting by the side of a bed whereon, dressed in an ordinary street dress, was laid the body of a girl, whose blackened and distorted features told of a death of violence. This they took up, and after the woman had carefully wrapped it in a cloak, and put a bonnet on its head, bore it down the back stairs into the yard, and out at a gate that opened into a narrow alley at the rear of the lot on which the house stood.

At the mouth of the alley was one of those carts used by night scavengers, into which they put the body; and then mounting to the driver's seat, they drove away with as little noise as possible; and as the night was intensely dark, the hour late, and the streets entirely deserted, they ran little risk of interruption, or even observation, until they reached one of the upper piers on the North River, where they quietly transferred the body from the cart to the river, and drove rapidly back into the city.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"A PRETTY market Lizzie Condon has brought her pigs to at last," said our friend Mrs. Smith to her friend Mrs. Lyfford. "But it's no more than I always expected. 'Pride goes before a fall,' as the saying is."

"Why," asked Mrs. Lyfford, who, to do her justice, had been any thing but easy in her mind since the report of Lizzie's mysterious disappearance, "has any thing been heard of her since the night they say she was murdered."

"Murdered? Pah! She's no more murdered than I am," returned the good and charitable Mrs. Smith. "It's gone aff she has with some feller she was seen talkin' to that night in the street."

"O, Mrs. Smith!"

"It's true what I'm tellin' you. A neighbour of ours, who knew her very well by sight, seen her talkin' with a man in a short cloak with a fur collar, that had very much the cut of a gentleman."

"You don't tell me that? Have you said any thing to her mother about it?"

"No. Why shud I? Isn't it better for her to think the garril dead, than that she'd be livin' in that kind o' way? for though the Condons had ever and always too much pride for the likes o' them, yet nothing was ever said against their characters at home or abroad, and 'twould kill Rose Condon outright to have it even hinted, that wan belongin' to her had ever done a disgraceful action."

"Well," said Mrs. Lyfford, speaking with a candour unusual with her, "though I never liked wan of the breed, I have had no rason to think any thing but good of them, and have always believed the garrils—and Lizzie in particular—had too much raal pride to do a dirty thing. But it's hard tellin' people now-a-days; and if this is as you say, it only makes me the more thankful that my Toighe is well rid of the whole set."

We are sometimes thankful for small favours.

"And now, Mrs. Luffurt dear," asked Mrs. Smith, in her most insinuating manner, "do tell us whin this grand weddin', that everybody's a talkin' about, is raally goin' to take place."

"Well, it's a sacret yet," answered Mrs. Lyfford. Then added confidentially, "But as I know it'll go

no farder, I'll jist tell you. It'll be somewhere about the middle o' next month; but I can't name the day exactly."

"It'll be at the Cathadral, av coorse?"

"No, I believe not, but at 'Grace.' The lady wouldn't be married anywhere else. Toighe wished it to be by the Archbishop, but she refused; and as she brings him a good hundred thousand dollars, he cudn't do less than let her have her own way this wancet."

"And why shouldn't he? Yourself, I suppose, will be there in all your glory?"

"Why, I've been thinkin' maybe I sha'n't go," said Mrs. Lyfford, with great deliberation, as if she had not been already informed that she must not go, or as if she were not fully aware, that her existence was wholly unknown to her future daughter-in-law and her fashionable friends. "It doesn't become me, at my time o' life, to be settin' up for fashions, and I wouldn't shame Toighe before his fine friends by goin' arfy how."

"Well, I don't know but you're right," said Mrs. Smith, but added to herself, as she left the house, "You'd go if you were axed, I'll be bound. Well, it's a fine thing to get a lady with a hundred thousand dollars for a daughter-in-law, but, to my think-

in', Lizzie Condon was a fitter match for wan of the Luffurts than this grand lady. Dear, dear, the luck of some people! But while I think of it, I'll jist run in, and see how Rose Condon is. Poor woman, if it hadn't been for that meddlin' ould Nance Luffurt, her daughter might now be honestly married, and settled by her, instead of bein' aff, the Lord knows where, and livin' with the Lord knows who."

About the time that Mrs. Smith terminated her visit to Mrs. Condon, or rather to her house, for Mrs. Condon she was not permitted to see, Tighe Lyfford presented himself at Mrs. Frothingham's door, to attend, as in duty bound, his *affiancée* to some one of her nightly haunts. But his step this evening was without its wonted elasticity, and there was a heaviness of the eye, and a paleness of the cheek that spoke of latent illness, or a mind but ill at ease. In fact a change, of which he was himself, perhaps, hardly sensible, had lately taken place in the manner and appearance of Tighe, which might have alarmed his intended bride for his health or happiness, if her own satisfied selfishness had not rendered her blind to every thing that concerned another. She found him as attentive to her, and as well received by her world as ever, and that was all she thought of or cared for.



When, after leaving college, this young man entered upon the study of the law, it was with the laudable ambition of honourably distinguishing himself in his profession, and of adding enough to what he should one day inherit from his father to render comfortable the old age of himself and her who was to be the sharer of his lot, and who, according to his "love's young dream," would be no other he hoped than the beautiful Lizzie Condon, for if ever Tighe Lyfford loved any one in the world—except himself—it certainly was Lizzie Condon. But his introduction into, and wonderful success in, the fashionable world, and consequent separation from the friends and associates of his early and more humble life, soon, unfortunately, gave a new direction to his ambition, and he now thought to obtain both fortune and distinction more readily, and with far less labour, than in the way he had first marked out;—to wit, by marriage with the daughter of some man of wealth, who might have as little to boast on the score of family as himself, but whose success in life should have given him a position in society that is seldom reached, particularly in this country, except by the exercise of a talent for money making. And while this idea was floating in his mind, he became acquainted with Minna Frothingham, and the favour

with which his attentions to her were received, early emboldened him to become a suitor for her hand, and, as he soon saw, with success.

But this success was not productive of the happiness it seemed at first to promise. Yet Tighe could not certainly have been disappointed in the character of Miss Frothingham. He must have known how frivolous and heartless she was from the first. Nor had the sum he was to receive with her fallen short of his expectations. Her father had been most liberal in his settlement upon his daughter; and as a union with that daughter had been sought only on account of its value in money, he ought to have been satisfied with the present prospect of a speedy realization of his wishes, for now the day of their nuptials was actually named. Yet, apparently, he was not; for, from the night of Lizzie Condon's strange disappearance, a change had come "o'er the spirit of his dream," and Tighe Lyfford was now a sadly altered man.

Miss Frothingham was in her dressing room when Tighe arrived, and he sat down in a corner of a sofa to await her descent. He was alone in the parlour, and being by no means in a cheerful mood, fell into a reverie that seemed any thing but a pleasant one, for his face became "a tablet of unutterable thought,"

and he heaved now and then a sigh that was near akin to a sob. But this humour was not permitted to last long, for Miss Frothingham came bounding in in the wildest spirits, and after a word of apology for having kept him waiting, she exclaimed—

“But, O Lyfford, I’ve got such a good thing to tell you. It’s decidedly rich! I found out to-day that poor dear old Crofoot actually got a Valentine last month. But such a Valentine! I know you would enjoy it so much. Let me see if I can remember it. O yes; I have it:—

‘With a face that’s still fair, and a juvenile form,  
And a temper not bad, though a *leetle* too warm,  
And notions not much—though a trifle—too high,  
You might yet for a husband successfully try.

‘And in truth there is none I would sooner commend  
Than yourself for a wife to a brother or friend,  
Who had wealth at command, or might wealthy become,  
If he had the good fortune—to be deaf and dumb.

‘For speech would be useless, since well you can do  
In talking enough for your husband and you;  
And your tongue, my fair friend, if his hearing he had,  
With its clatter incessant would soon drive him mad.’

Isn’t that capital? I wonder who sent it? It is so supremely impudent, I’d give any thing in the world to know who wrote it. Lyfford!” she then added,

imitating, but poorly, the manner of the beautifully feminine and ever charming JULIA DEAN, "why don't you speak to me?"

"Because it is so much pleasanter to listen," he drawled, affecting the gallant.

"Very pretty that. But however flattering your attention may be when I'm talking, your answers to my questions would not be less so."

"Well," he asked, as he adjusted her tippet, "what was the question?"

"Now that," she answered, rapping him smartly with her fan, "is what I call, adding insult to injury, and I've a great mind not to speak to you again for—five minutes."

"You wouldn't be so cruel?"

She laughed a light, pleasant, meaningless laugh, and taking his arm, proceeded gayly with him to the carriage.

"By-the-by," said Miss Frothingham, as they rolled along the Avenue, "there's a queer story told of Madame la Baronne. She has not been seen by any of her friends for a week or more, and it is generally supposed that she has gone to Washington. But Crofoot assures me, that she saw her, no longer ago than yesterday, going into a very common-looking house down town, and out of cu-

riosity—for poor dear old Crofoot has a great deal of that commodity—she stopped at a baker's, a door or two above, and asked who lived in number seven, when she was told that Mr. Woodnorth—the gentleman, you know, we've seen so often at Mrs. Everest's this winter—lived there, and that he was lying very ill, and that a lady, supposed to be his sister, was staying in the house to take care of him. Funny, a'n't it?”

“There's nothing wonderful in that,” said Tighe, “should the lady, who passes for his sister in the neighbourhood, turn out to be Madame de Luynes. This gentleman was, I've been told, a lover of hers years ago; and though he has not been a visitor at her house, she has taken no pains to conceal, whenever or wherever she has met him, that she looks upon him as one of her most valued friends. Madame de Luynes, though her whole life has been passed among people of the highest *ton*, is not one to be trammelled by the mere conventionalities of society, and if Mr. Woodnorth, or any other friend, stood in need of her care or assistance, she would not, for a moment, have the least hesitation to offer it.”

“Yet, for all that, it's a little odd, now don't you think so? that she should go to his own house to

take care of him, when she could get a nurse that would do twice as well."

"Ah, there's nothing like the hand of affection to smooth the sick man's pillow."

"A very pretty sentiment that, and very prettily expressed. But *apropos* of Madame de Luynes. Do you remember the girl she admired so much the night of young De St. Remy's lecture? A girl with glossy black hair, and very fine dark eyes?"

"Let me see," said Tighe, slowly, as if endeavouring to recollect, while his heart beat so violently as almost to stop his respiration.

"O you must. She sat right opposite."

"Yes, yes; I think I do now."

"Well, pa was telling us a shocking story about that girl to-day, that has made me feel quite bad ever since. He says the poor thing has been murdered!"

Tighe groaned.

"What's the matter, Lyfford?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

"Yes," answered Tighe, and he answered truly, "I am indeed ill!"

"O Lord, if you're going to be sick, we had better return."

“No, no; ’twill pass in a moment. Let us go on.” And they did go on; and whether or not his illness had passed off, nothing of it appeared in his manner that night, which every one declared to be more than usually delightful.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE Valentine, which was the cause of so much mirth to Miss Frothingham, had been productive of any thing but pleasure to its fair recipient, who, attributing it—without any just grounds, however—to Mr. Tighe Lyfford, laid herself out thereafter to thwart that young gentleman in the one great object of his ambition—the possession of wealth by marriage with her charming friend, whose weak mind she now endeavoured to influence against the man of whom, but a few months before, she could not speak sufficiently strong in praise. But with all her efforts, she could not succeed in breaking off the match of which she had been one of the instruments in bringing about; for though she had little mind and less heart, and could, without much difficulty, be made either to like or dislike, and her affection, or rather fancy, for Tighe, which, like the prophet's gourd, had sprung up in a night, was every day



becoming "small by degrees, and beautifully less," Miss Frothingham had too much respect for the opinions of the world, too great a fear of what "Mrs. Grundy would say," to break with him at this late hour, however much she might wish to do so, and every thing was therefore allowed to go on as at first arranged, and the bridesmaids had already begun to rehearse the parts they expected to play in the approaching pageant.

But what Miss Crofoot failed to accomplish, was nearly effected by Mrs. Grant Buckhurst, and would have been wholly, no doubt, but for an untoward circumstance. Miss Frothingham had once severely wounded the pride of this lady, and we all know how difficult to heal is a wound to one's pride. They met, for the first time after their school days, at Saratoga—democratic Saratoga, where exclusiveness is almost forgotten, and *caste* is but little known, and a shopman from Stewart's may not unfrequently be seen at the same "hop," and sometimes even in the same set, with the wives and daughters of Stewart's most aristocratic customers—and here the heiress of the Fifth Avenue millionaire—the grandchild of the Bowery grocer—had the bad taste to cut the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the *ci-devant* coiffeur. Of this Belle Beaupré took no notice at the

time; but she neither forgot nor forgave it; and not the least among her motives for accepting the hand of one whom she never for a moment even fancied she loved, was the power she should possess, as the wife of a man of great wealth and high social position, of triumphing over vain and foolish little Minna Frothingham.

But if Isabelle Beaupré seriously hoped by this means to triumph over Miss Frothingham, she soon became aware of her mistake. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where the social position of the wife is so little affected by that of the husband as in New York. Here women are preëminently the makers of society; and no matter what the condition of her husband may be, or may have been, the married woman seldom rises above the sphere in which she moved as a girl, or if she does, it is mainly owing to her own exertions rather than to any factitious aid derived from her lord, whom she either raises or brings down to her own level. To this our would-be duchesses and countesses of the Fifth Avenue form no exception. Notwithstanding their grand houses, costly furniture, fine dresses and showy equipages, the daughters of the Long Island boatman and Fulton Market *restaurateur* have few intimates of their own country people, except those

of their younger and less prosperous days, who, however, have like them become rich. Mr. Grant Buckhurst had one of the finest houses in town, and lived in a style of princely magnificence, and Mrs. Grant Buckhurst gave brilliant and most costly entertainments; yet Mrs. Grant Buckhurst was socially scarcely one step in advance of Isabelle Beaupré, and still found herself excluded from the charmed circle to which Minna Frothingham—in right of her mother, *née* Livingston—was admitted, and Mrs. Grant Buckhurst's anticipated triumph, if not wholly defeated, was at least deferred.

Now, however, she thought the time for which she had bided was come. She had considerable talent in reading character, and the opinion she had formed of Tighe's was more correct than that of any one else's among his new friends. She did not think his love for Miss Frothingham any thing better or purer than cupidity, and believed that, however powerful his love of money might be, it was still subordinate to his vanity, and through the vanity of this young man she was determined to effect her long-cherished purpose of revenge.

The unconcealed indifference, if not contempt, of Mrs. Grant Buckhurst for him whom she had promised, not only to love and obey, but to honour, had

emboldened many of the young men of her set to approach her with looks, and sometimes too with words, of passionate admiration, that were near akin to those of love, which she was either too careless, or not womanly enough, to discountenance or resent. Of this number was Tighe, who, if he was not in love with this very fascinating lady, and, as we have already said, we do not think he ever really loved any one—after himself—but Lizzie Condon, certainly had a very high admiration for her, as she was fully aware, and this feeling she was now to make subserve her plans.

Mrs. Grant was a consummate actress, and as it accorded with her plan, not only to foster the growing affection of Tighe, but to make him believe she was actually in love with him, she chose for her rôle the character of Aldabella. Not the Aldabella commonly seen at the theatre, whose gross and unwomanly demonstrations of passion would most assuredly disgust any man not less a fool than Fazio. But the Aldabella designed by Millman, if not fully brought out by him, whose simulated love for the man she had once rejected with scorn, but whom it is now her interest to conciliate, seems to betray itself in spite of every effort to conceal or overmaster it. And this she played with a delicacy

and tact that showed how much the stage had lost when Belle Beanpré became a lady, or rather a woman of wealth, for a lady, in the best sense of that much-abused word she might have been, had circumstances obliged her to go upon the stage, as many a better woman has been and is. Need we instance Emma Wheatly, or Julia Dean, or any one of the many others whose pure lives have given such lustre to their brilliant talents?

The boisterous gayety of Mrs. Grant became now suddenly subdued; her voice "gentle and low;" and the eyes, that were, with little diffidence, accustomed to rove from face to face, were generally veiled in the presence of Tighe, or only raised to his at intervals, and then, as it seemed, by stealth. Then, too, her manner, which certain dear friends of her own sex had sometimes declared to be bold, was now modestly, almost humbly deferential; she listened with the rapt attention of a loving child to a parent when he spake, and, what was equally flattering to her dupe, she would repeat—when sure of its being again heard by him—every good thing that he chanced to utter. But her most successful move, in the game she had now undertaken to play, was a request she made to him one evening when they were alone.

"I have a great favour to ask of you, Mr. Lyfford," she began, with well-affected timidity.

"Rather say, my dear madam," returned Tighe, "that you have a command for me, for such I am happy to consider any request of yours."

"You are very good indeed. What I wish is, for you to sit to our old friend KYLE for your portrait."

"My portrait, madam?"

"O yes. I am about to form a portrait gallery—not a family one, for I, you know, have no family—but a gallery of those cabinet pictures that Kyle paints so admirably, in which I intend to include the portraits of all my most valued friends, and I want your face to begin with. Will you oblige me?"

"I shall only be too proud—too happy to do any thing you may desire," answered Tighe warmly, and with perfect sincerity, for he was both proud and happy to be able to gratify any wish of this guileful woman; and with as little delay as possible he began his sittings, very privately as he thought, but not so privately that it was not known—as Mrs. Grant intended it should be known—to Miss Frothingham within four-and-twenty hours.

"Sit for his portrait for *her*!" exclaimed that young lady, when Miss Crofoot, her informant, had

left her to herself. "Sit for his portrait for *her*! and put me off with a thing like this!" twisting from the chain to which it was attached, one of Brady's most admirable daguerreotypes, and dashing it spitefully to the floor, she stamped upon it with her slippered foot, as if she would have ground it into dust. "O, if my strength were only equal to my will, thus would I serve the wretch who has dared to put this affront upon me!"

"Mr. Lyfford's down stairs, miss, and wishes to see you for a moment," said a servant, opening the door at which she had just knocked.

"I will not see him. But tell him, Jane, I am unwell;—have a bad headache; and can't see him—at present. O that I might never see him more," she added, as the servant withdrew.

"Mr. Lyfford's very sorry, miss," said the girl, returning, "and hopes you will take good care of yourself till evening, when he'll step in again to see how you are."

"He needn't trouble himself," muttered Miss Frothingham, pettishly, seating herself in a *fau-teuil*. "The deceitful wretch! much he cares whether I'm ill or not. I don't believe he'd care if I were dead; and I'm sure, for my part, neither would I. I almost wish I were!" And then she

began to cry, with anger rather than grief, and cried until she really brought on the headache she had but pretended to have, and then lay down in her bed and slept.

Never, perhaps, were the spirits of Tighe more buoyant, or his steps more elastic than when he left the house of Mr. Frothingham that morning. Every thing painful in the past was forgotten for the time. A bright present lay around, and a brighter future stretched before him; and as he trod the pavement of Broadway, he might have been thought, as an Irishman once said of another, the owner of both sides of the street. But his heart became suddenly chilled, and a shiver ran through his frame when, on crossing Canal street, he encountered Nelly Condon and Mark Hurley, walking very fast, and seemingly so occupied in thought as not to notice him. He strove, as he proceeded towards his office, to rally the spirits their appearance had put to flight, but with no very great success, and after spending an hour or two over "Chitty on Evidence," and the last number of "Putnam," he returned to his hotel to dinner with strangely altered feelings.

As he was about to enter the hotel, he was accosted by a boy, who asked him to buy a paper. It



was the "Express," and the second edition, of course, for the first is only to be found among Barnum's curiosities. He did not want it, and was passing the ragged disseminator of knowledge without a reply, when his eye fell upon the words, "THE BODY OF LIZZIE CONDON FOUND!" Reeling like one who had received a heavy blow, he snatched a paper, and dropping a piece of money into the outstretched hand of the boy, hurried with it up to his own room, where he read, over and over again, the article of which this was the heading, as if to assure himself that he read aright.

"THE BODY OF LIZZIE CONDON FOUND! There was found this morning, floating near the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, the body of a female, supposed to be that of the beautiful Lizzie Condon, whose mysterious disappearance, a few weeks since, was the cause of so much suffering and excitement. That there has been foul play somewhere, there cannot be a doubt. But to this we can do no more than allude at present, as we do not wish to anticipate the verdict of the Coroner's jury, now sitting upon it."

A sigh, that seemed to come from the depths of his heart, heaved the bosom of Tighe, as he ceased

to read, and in spite of the stoicism of the school of philosophy to which he belonged, his lip quivered and his eyes filled with tears. But he had little time for the indulgence of his feelings. A policeman, one of those known as "shadows," had seen his emotion in the street, and asked the boy what the gentleman had said.

"Nothing," was the answer, "but only 'O Heav-ings!' but he looked scared like, an' though he gin me a quarter, he didn't ax for no change, but cut right into the hotel."

Thereupon the "shadow" had followed Tighe to his room, and now laying his hand gently upon his shoulder, said, in a quiet tone,

"You will please come with me, sir, to the office of the Chief."

"What do you mean?"

"That you shall soon know, sir. Walk with me then, if you please, or rather walk before me, that we may not appear to be in company."

Without further questioning, Tighe did as he was desired; and by eight o'clock that evening, the whole city was informed, by "extras," that the body of Lizzie Condon was found, and that Tighe Lyfford, charged with her murder, was already in custody.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE spirit of Woodnorth, naturally proud, and made still prouder by the anomalous position in which, through his own folly, he found himself placed, had long chafed under the injustice with which he was, or fancied himself to be, treated by his official superiour, through the instrumentality, as he believed, of Mr. Hardie Truckell, who had notoriously obtained so complete an ascendancy over the Collector of that day, that nothing was permitted to be done without the sanction, expressed or implied, of this most important personage, whose newly-acquired power, seldom beneficially exercised in the affairs of others, was felt, if not acknowledged, by every subordinate in the Custom House. The possessor of power is never without his parasites; and, though "curses, not loud but deep," were freely uttered against him where no chance wind could waft them to his ear, Mr. Hardie Truckell was not with-

out his due share of lip-worshippers. But among these Woodnorth "stood not up, nor did him reverence," for he was not one to conciliate whom he neither loved nor respected, and he took no pains to conceal the irritation he daily felt, or his dislike of one that he looked upon as his certain, though undeclared, enemy, and thereby rendered, what was already bad enough in his situation, even worse than it might otherwise have been.

Long a sufferer from ill health, originally produced in a great measure by a too scrupulous devotion to business, and afterwards aggravated, no doubt, by his unfortunate habits, the day after Lizzie Condon's disappearance he was thrown upon a sick bed, from which it was hardly possible he should ever rise. This was the time chosen by Truckell to gratify the malice that long had rankled in his heart. Woodnorth had never been what is called a popular man. A natural shyness, or, if you will, pride, had prevented him mixing generally with those around him. He was warmly beloved indeed by the friends who knew him well; but they were few, and wholly without influence; and though his readiness to oblige was seen and acknowledged by all, he had never stooped to curry favour with the merchants with whom he was brought in contact in the

way of business, and among the politicians, even of his own party, the men who make presidents, and make and unmake every office-holder, from the president down to him who sweeps a public office, he was hardly known by name.

Now then was the time to strike. The man was down, and had no friends. By attributing his present illness to irregularities of which his cowardly defamer knew him to be guiltless, Truckell succeeded in blowing into a flame the anger of the Collector, which he had already been at some pains to kindle, and Woodnorth, after more than twenty years of faithful service, was ignominiously dismissed from a situation from which was derived his only means of support for himself and his children. It was a cruel act;—but when were the cowardly ever known to be merciful?

After reading the letter of dismissal, which, couched in unexceptionable terms, seemed to use the most honeyed phrases, “to make oppression bitter,” he asked to be raised in bed, and calling for writing materials, with his daughter behind him for support, he wrote, on a large book, that served for a desk, in his usually clear hand, the following reply:

"To HECTOR MCSURLEY, Esq.,

*"Collector, &c.*

"Sir,—This day closes my connection with the Custom House, and removes me from a situation which, for more than twenty years, I have filled with some credit to myself and, I am happy to add, to the general satisfaction of the public, and—with one exception—of my superiours in office. By that exception, sir, I can mean only you, who have been the first, even by implication, to charge me with neglect of duty—a charge which, if you had had any knowledge of the business of<sup>d</sup> my desk, and how it had been conducted, you must have known to be unfounded. I have never neglected my duty. On the contrary, I have been only too much of a slave to it; for it is well known, that when confined to my bed, which, in the merciful days that are passed, I have been for weeks together, I always directed the business I had in charge; drudged over its accounts when able to sit up, and in all hurried seasons took my work home with me at night. Indeed, if I had thought less of my duty and more of my health, I should not now be suffering from a disease that is not to be cured—except by death. But I do not complain. The power to remove me—even on a sick bed—was undoubtedly yours, and you have

exerted;—not very humanely certainly, and, perhaps, not very wisely;—and for this act—if it be one of injustice—you are accountable to no one but to God, and may He forgive it. Yet I do not envy you your feelings to-night, when you lay your head upon your pillow, and reflect, that, by the wanton exercise of the power with which you have been entrusted, you have probably blighted the prospects of a deserving family; frustrated the plans of a father for the education, and future usefulness, of his children, and turned that father out upon the world, with broken health, and, it may well be, with energies impaired, to begin life anew. And for what? For yielding at times to sufferings that might well have overcome one of a more enduring spirit. This is a new phase of American official life, and one but little in accordance with the precepts of Him who would not ‘break the bruised reed.’ Farewell.

“ALEYN WOODNORTH.”

This he put into an envelope and directed, and then dispatched Willie with it to the nearest sub-postoffice, when, dismissing Mary from her uncomfortable situation, he fell back fainting upon his pillow.

A scream from Mary, who thought him dead,

brought Mrs. St. Remy down, and the girl from the kitchen up, who, after using such restoratives as were at hand, soon had the pleasure to see him revive. But it was not to consciousness. The blow of his dastardly assailant had been more severe than was probably intended by him who dealt it, and, seeming to have struck through his brain down into his heart, had utterly destroyed his reason. The mind of this man of noble intellect was gone, and it was feared—with too good reason—was gone forever.

Then it was that the love for the affianced of her girlhood, which had smouldered in the heart of Madame de Luynes, but never been extinguished, burst forth in all its original strength. She had called upon Mrs. St. Remy, to ask after her sister-in-law, when she heard of the pitiable state of Woodnorth, and begging a room of her niece, for herself and maid, she left her own splendid mansion in the care of her housekeeper, and thenceforth, with the tenderness of a wife, and the unwearying attention of a sister, devoted herself to the care of the unconscious sufferer, accepting only such aid as Mrs. St. Remy, whose time was a good deal taken up with Mrs. Condon, and old Peggy, the apple woman, whose stand was now wholly neglected, could afford.



But, after life and reason had both been despaired of for many days, Woodnorth awoke one morning in his right mind, and reverting to the moment that consciousness had forsaken him, he asked his daughter, who was sitting at the bedside,

“Did Willie take that letter?”

“O yes, father, long ago.”

“Then I have slept a good while?”

“Yes, sir, a good while,” answered Mary, who understood him to speak of the sleep from which he had just awoke, and which had been unusually long.

“I have had such a strange dream,” said he, a few minutes after, with a smile. “I thought I was very ill, and some one had to be with me all the time, but my principal nurse was Athenaise, who seemed to be with me day and night. But you do not know, dear, who Athenaise is.”

“O yes I do, father. It is the dear good Madame de Luynes, who has been taking care of you for more than a fortnight, and wouldn’t let any one do a thing for you that she could do herself.”

Woodnorth started, and attempted to raise himself in the bed, but his bodily strength was not equal to the effort, and he sank back again, saying,

“I believe indeed I have been ill.”

At this moment Madame de Luynes, who, for a

little exercise, had been to one of the near churches to an early Mass, entered, and stepping noiselessly to the side of the bed, asked in a whisper—

“Has your father slept all this time, darling?”

“No, Athenaïse,” said Woodnorth, stretching forth his hand, “he is fully awake to all he owes to your untiring kindness.”

“O Aleyn!” she exclaimed, clasping the emaciated hand in both of hers, while her eyes were filled with delicious tears of joy, “this moment would pay me a thousand-fold for any service I could have rendered you.”

“Dearest Athenaïse!” he murmured, but his words, though scarcely above a whisper, fell distinctly upon the ear for which they were intended, “you do then love me still?”

“Could you ever have doubted it, Aleyn?”

Tears stole from under his closed lids, while a smile of ineffable satisfaction played about his mouth as he answered, “Never.”

After lying silent a few minutes, he turned to his daughter, and said, “Leave us awhile, dearest,” and then, when the child had departed, went on to say:

“The evil predicted by your father, Athenaïse, when, in my eagerness for present happiness, I

foolishly sacrificed all that was promised in the future, has come upon me. After having been used as a mere chattel for years, I have at last, by order of my superiour, been swept out with the rubbish of his office, and, broken alike in body and in spirit, am left to die in almost positive destitution."

"O say not that, Aleyn," urged Madame de Luynes. "I am rich, even among the very rich there are few richer; and, while I am mistress of one dollar in the world, there can be no such thing as destitution for you or yours."

"I know the generosity of your nature, Athenaise, the truly Christian benevolence that governs all your actions, but, were I content to accept for myself the charity of the only one from whom I would not refuse an obligation, I should not tax it very heavily. I shall not need it long. But there are those for whom I would wish to interest you when I am gone. My poor children!" He paused, for his feelings would not allow him to proceed, but his meaning was perfectly understood, and Athenaise, overcoming with a strong effort the grief that almost forced from her heart a cry of anguish, answered firmly,

"They shall be my care, Aleyn, and may the

Great Rewarder deal with me as I—as far as my poor abilities will permit—shall deal with them.”

He uttered no word of thanks, but the look he raised to the earnest and loving face that bent upon him was eloquent of the joy and gratitude which filled his heart.

He resumed.

“Should Heaven in its mercy spare you until my Willie shall have attained to man’s estate, beg him, in the name of his dead father, never to accept, however flattering the offer may be, a situation that may be regarded as the gift of a political party. Where subservience only is required, talent is altogether useless, or, at best, but of little account, and any thing like the independence becoming a freeman is either trampled out, or goaded into antagonism to every one around, till the man becomes a poor, spiritless drudge, or misanthropical egotist. Let him be a mechanic, a day labourer, any thing that will leave him his manhood, rather than that miserable slave—a dependent upon office for his daily bread.”

“Calm yourself, Aleyn,” said Madame de Luynes, laying her hand affectionately upon his forehead.

“The boy shall never become what you would not wish him to be, if in my power to prevent it.”

And satisfied with this assurance, he did not again allude to the subject.

For a short time now the strength of Woodnorth seemed to return, and the cheerfulness with which he conversed with the friends who gathered around him, gave birth in the hearts of the least sanguine to hopes of his speedy recovery. But, while he said nothing to discourage those hopes, he did not share them. He knew too well their futility. He knew that, though the powers of the mind might rally for a time, and lend a factitious aid to those of the body, the springs of vitality within him were nearly exhausted, and that many days longer he could not live. And he was right; and while others were predicting for him length of days, he was wisely, but almost in secret, preparing for the great, the momentous change, that was soon to take place. Nor were his preparations made one hour too soon.

One afternoon, after conversing with Madame de Luynes for more than half an hour with unwonted cheerfulness, he suddenly ceased, and lying back on his pillow, drew a heavy breath, that seemed almost a sigh.

"There," said she, "like a careless nurse, I have allowed you to tire yourself with talking, when I

should have insisted upon silence." She looked down upon him with a smile, when her cheek became blanched, and the blood seemed to freeze in her veins. His jaw was fallen, and his eyes were fixed in a stony stare. She had looked upon death too often not to know it now, and closing those sightless eyes, and imprinting a kiss upon that ice-cold brow, she summoned her maid, with old Peggy and the girl from the kitchen, and informing Mrs. St. Remy of what had taken place, whom she begged to break it to the children, then in the parlour by themselves, and whose grief she found herself at that moment unable to endure, retired to her own room to pray.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Of all who stood around the dead body of Aleyn Woodnorth, none was so loud in grief as Peggy McTeague, the old apple woman, whose oft-repeated cry of "Och, childer-dear, but it's you that has lost the good father, and me that has lost the good friend!" however rude in expression, embodied a truth that was not to be controverted, for Woodnorth had been both a good father to his children, and a good friend to this poor old woman, whose necessities he had not unfrequently relieved, and with whose sorrows he sincerely sympathized, for poor Peggy, notwithstanding the cheerful exterior she strove to maintain before the world, was not without her sorrows any more than her betters.

Left a widow while yet a young and rather comely woman, with one child, in whom, to use her own words, her "heart was bound up," Peggy had refused more than one fair offer to change her con-

dition, because she would not put it in the power of any man to give "the black look" to her darling. But the "darling" had little of the devoted affection, or self-sacrificing spirit of her mother, and early abandoned the protection of the maternal roof for the love of one as poor in principle as in purse—and that was poor enough!—an act by which she almost broke the heart of her doting parent, who saw nothing in the future for her child but sorrow and privation. But the future of this victim of a foolish fancy extended not beyond a few short years, when a life of hardships and domestic strife was ended in the quiet of the grave, and to the care of the poor old woman was left a little child, then scarcely three years old.

Peggy was not the best person in the world, perhaps, to be entrusted with the education of a boy to whom, as one may suppose, some portion of the evil disposition of his father might have been transmitted. Yet, had he been left entirely to her management, poor and unsystematic as it no doubt was, her unwearying love towards him, and the pains she took to imbue his young mind with her own principles of religion, might have in time—if not wholly eradicated—counteracted in a great degree what was originally bad in his nature. But, unfortu-



nately, this was not the case. Mulvey, although he could not, or would not, contribute any thing towards the maintenance of the child, took every means in his power to thwart his mother-in-law in her efforts for the moral improvement of her little charge. The seed sown by the precept and example of this worthless father soon produced its natural fruit; and Mike Mulvey—the “Veto Mike” with whom our readers have already formed a slight acquaintance—grew up an idle, disorderly youth, and most wretchedly dissolute young man.

The night of Woodnorth’s death, while his poor old grandmother was weeping over the dead body of her friend, Veto, as he was familiarly called, and three companions, were sitting around a rickety old stove, nearly choked with ashes, burnt almost white, and liberally, if not very beautifully, stained with tobacco juice, in a miserable room that might once have been above, but was now—probably owing to the “improvements” that had been made in that quarter of the town—several feet below the street, the walls of which were so blackened by dirt and damp and smoke that nothing of its original colour remained, and the tallow dip, which burned on a greasy pine table between the windows stuffed with rags, did little more than render “darkness visible.”

"I can't go on in this dry way no longer," said Veto, who had been telling a story. "My tongue's like a hot crowbar, and I wo'n't say another word till I get a drink. Hello, Mother Belzebub," addressing a ragged crone, with unkempt grey hair hanging about a dirty face, who sat, more than half asleep, with her arms resting on the greasy table, "let's see what's in the jug you're huggin' up so lovingly."

"There's only just a teeny little drop in it, Weto," answered the crone, hoarsely, and trying hard to get up a cough, "what I'm keepin' to make suthin' hot on afore I go to bed, for this cold I've got."

"Never mind the cold, Bett, that, to my sartin knowledge, you've been nussin' for the last five years, and hand us over the jug. You'll get suthin' hot enough by-and-by, I'll promise you." With a very bad grace, the old woman did as she was required; when Veto, after shaking the jug and saying, "It cheeps yet," filled some teacups that stood on the mantel-piece, and handing one to each of his companions, demanded a song.

"Bah," said one, "I'm as hoarse as a bullfrog, and couldn't get up a quaver to save my confounded gullet."

"And I," said another, "don't know only 'We'll

go down to Uncle Sam's,' and I've sung that twicet to-night a'ready."

"Then, Greg, you'll have to do it," said Veto to a pale, blear-eyed creature, in a soiled and sadly dilapidated suit, that had once been black, who sat cowering over the stove.

"You all laughed at my last," returned the young man, sulkily.

"And no wonder, for 'twas sich miserable love-sick stuff. But you kin do better than that we all know. So give us something with a chorus, and be quick about it, for our time's most up." And Greg, without more ado, lifting up the teacup in his hand to represent the "glass" of his song, gave voice to the following:

"Come, my boys, another glass  
Fill, that each may toast his lass,  
While pleasure wantons round us,  
So merrily, so cheerily;  
While pleasure wantons round us,  
So merrily, my boys.  
Let the plodders of day  
Sip their potions of tea,  
But a few friends at night  
And good liquor give me,  
And I'll drink, boys, drink,  
Nor think, boys, think,  
While a star I can see  
In the firmament blink.

"What were life without a glass?  
A faithful friend? a loving lass?  
It wouldn't be worth keeping,  
So weary O! so dreary O!  
It wouldn't be worth keeping,  
So weary O, my boys!  
Give the hero his laurel,  
The miser his store,  
But give me my friend,  
And the girl I adore,  
And I'll drink, boys, drink,  
Nor shrink, boys, shrink,  
While a star I can see  
In the firmament blink."

This was a composition of Gregory Melford's own; and it was to the ability to write songs like this, and the sweet voice in which he was wont to sing them, that first recommended him to the notice of the idle and dissolute of his own original sphere—a sphere very, very far above that in which he moved at present—who led him step by step adown the flowery path that leads to everlasting ruin, until they saw the poor wretch plunged into a slough of destitution from which no efforts of his own were ever likely to extricate him, when, without one offer of assistance, one sigh for the condition of him they had once flattered with the name of "friend," they coldly turned their backs upon him, and left him to his fate. Yet no one, whose heart was not wholly

dead to feeling, could have helped pitying this poor inane creature, who, tottering, as he evidently was, upon the brink of eternity, was yet striving—how sadly!—to imitate the gayety that once was natural to him, and play again the Anacreon he used to be called.

“Hark!” said Veto, as the song was ended, “there goes two; and now we must to work. Look out, Brom, and tell us the colour of the night.”

“Black as my hat,” said Brom, returning.

“So much the better. Greg, as your sarvices a’n’t a wanting, you mought as well stay and keep Bett company. And now, boys, let’s you and me be off.” And thereupon Veto and the other two left the cellar, and taking some oars that stood in a corner of the deep area under the stoop, ascended the broken wooden steps to the street.

The night was very dark, neither moon nor stars being visible, and the few lamps that glimmered here and there were very far from doing the duty that was expected of them. But these men were too well acquainted with the ins and outs of that part of the town, to be at a moment’s loss which of the streets or alleys to take in seeking the nearest way to the East River; and having reached a slip in the neighbourhood of the “Hook,” they got into a boat,

which had been placed there for their use, and rowed noiselessly out into the stream.

"Now let us clearly understand what we're a going for to do," said Veto, when, having got so far out that they could not be overheard by any one who might be about the wharf, they rested on their oars.

"Why, it's as plain as a, b, c," said the fellow called Brom. "After you and Ike have got aboard, I'll row round by myself to the stern, and get in at one of the winders, so's to open the cabin door."

"But I ha'n't hearn yet how you're to do that," remarked Ike.

"Why, as I told Veto, and thought as how I'd told you, when I was to work aboard to-day, I took the chance, when the capting was ashore and the mate and t'other hand and boy was stowin' away things in the hold, to loose the staple that the hook goes into, without 'zackly drawin' it out, so that the least little tug on the outside 'ill make all easy."

"But s'posin' they've diskivered it?" questioned Ike.

"O, no fear o' that. The winder opens into the mate's stateroom, and he come ashore when I did, and said he wasn't goin' aboard agin till mornin', and the hand and boy sleeps in the fo'cas'le, and

nyther o' them has gumption enough to suspect any thing wrong while the vessel lays so fur from the shore. But to purvent them singin' out, in case we have any trouble with the old man, you, Ike, must stand ready to knock the fust feller on the head that 'tempts to come on deck."

"But be you sure there was money in the bag you see the captin put in the locker?" asked Ike, very earnestly.

"Be I sure that you'm a fool? Why, of course I be."

They then resumed their oars, and in a few minutes were alongside a schooner lying near the Long Island shore, that showed neither light nor living thing on board, and was only distinguishable in the surrounding darkness from the intensity of its blackness. Veto and Ike mounted noiselessly to the deck, while Brom floated round to her stern, and, fastening his boat to the rudder, opened the window with all the ease he had anticipated, and entered the cabin.

But hardly had he got within the cabin when he became aware that some one was in the mate's berth. He held his breath and listened; but the regularity of the sounds which proceeded from it, assured him that the rest of the sleeper had not been

broken by his entrance. He then stepped carefully onward to the cabin door, which he found no difficulty in unfastening. Yet, with all his care, this was not effected without some noise, and the person he had passed in the berth awoke. This was the mate, who, contrary to his expressed intention, had returned to the vessel early in the evening, and had now his first sleep nearly over.

He thought, when he heard the door open, the captain was going to take a look out on deck, and was about to turn and address himself to sleep again, when a different sound struck upon his ear, and made him raise himself on his elbow and listen. He then distinctly heard a low whispering, and understanding at once what was going on, he got out of bed, and taking the revolver he always kept at hand, stole into the other stateroom, and putting his mouth close to the captain's ear, breathed into it—

“Wake! Thieves aboard!”

He then turned towards the entrance, which, as it showed less dark than the space below, he knew must be open, and listened for the sound of a descending step. He had not to wait long. He heard the step, and saw the darkening of the passage, and, at the moment he supposed the thief to have got fairly within the cabin, fired, and im-



mediately drew the captain after him to his own room.

There was a muttered oath and a stifled groan, and then the sound of some one springing towards the captain's berth, when he fired again, and the report of his pistol was followed by a sharp cry of pain and a heavy fall upon the floor. Then some one sprang up the cabin stairs; a rough voice was heard on deck, followed by the hurried tread of heavy feet, the jump into and pushing off of a boat, and all again was silent. When a light was struck, the man Brom, who was at once recognized by the captain and mate, as the person who had been employed on the vessel for the last two or three days, was found weltering in a pool of blood, and writhing in the agony of death, but of the other parties to the attempted robbery no trace was left.

In the mean time Veto and Ike drifted away in the boat, for though the darkness would have prevented any eye, however keen, from following them, they forbore to use their oars until they should get beyond earshot of the vessel, for fear that their sound would betray them, and were borne up by the tide as far as the Dry Dock before either of them ventured to speak. Then Ike asked, in a whisper,

"Is Brom killed?"

"Yes, cuss it," answered Veto, aloud, "and so am I."

"O, go way!"

"There's a piece o' lead inside o' me this minute, I tell yeh, that's burnin' my very heart-strings, and, if I don't get it out afore mornin', I'm a goner."

"Then let us make haste to shore," said Ike, seizing the oars, and driving the boat rapidly through the water, "an' knock up ole Kouwenhoven, an' get suthin' done at oncet."

The next morning, when old Peggy returned from her melancholy watch throughout the night in the house of mourning, her grandson was brought home to her, wounded, it was said, in a street brawl, and so dangerous was his condition supposed to be, that she was not able to leave him long enough to show her respect for the memory of her dearest friend, by appearing at the funeral of Mr. Woodnorth.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE ball received by Veto, from the pistol of the mate, was too securely lodged within him to be removed by Dr. Kouwenhoven, or the many others who were called in, even more skilful than that old times practitioner; and after subjecting the poor wretch to all the torture possible in their experimenting upon him, it was finally decided that, although he might, and probably would, suffer yet for several days, his case must be regarded as hopeless, and the sooner he began to make the necessary preparation for death the better.

"Preparation for death!" said Veto, contemptuously, while his features were distorted with pain. "That means, I s'pose, to send for a priest, and go over a long rigmarole of sorrow for my sins, and all that sort o' thing, and promises to do better for the futur, when, if I had any futur left, I'd no more think o' repentin' than of forgivin' the

cowardly feller what fired that pistol in the dark, till I'd gin 'im a dig under the ribs with my knife. No, sir-ee! If I'm to die, I'll die, and there's an eend on't."

"O, Mickey, dear," said his weeping grandmother, "don't talk in that kind o' way."

"And why not, old woman? I never shammed pious when I was well, and don't mean to now. But if I don't die a saint, I shall at least die decently in my bed, and that's more than that cussed upstart Tighe Lyfford is likely to do. He'll be hung, that's one comfort!"

"For the Lord's sake, Mickey!"

"Now, wo'n't they hang him?" he asked, looking up with a ferocious earnestness that made the poor old woman turn from him with horror, for, as she said, "it made her flesh crawl."

"Heaven knows," she answered;—"but I hope not."

"Why should *you* hope any thing about it? He's nuthin' to you."

"He's my fellow mortal, and the son, besides, of a dacent father, and I wouldn't wish shame to fall upon his honest bones in the clay."

"But he's a murderer, a'n't he?"

"Why, some people seems to think so."

"Then why shouldn't he hang?"

"Becaze the hangin' of him would be small comfort to her that is gone, or her friends either; and maybe, after all, he didn't do it."

"Who then did, if he didn't?" demanded Veto, savagely. "He was seen follerin' her the night she disappeared, and a han'kercher marked with his name—the very han'kercher she'd been choked with—was round the throat o' the gal found in the East River, that the old woman and her daughter 'denfified as Lizzie Condon. Hang him! Of course they will; or, if they don't, I wouldn't give much for law nor justice nyther."

"Ah, Mickey, dear, it isn't of justice you should be talkin' now, but of marcy. But if you will think of justice, let it be of the justice of God, an' how you may escape it."

"What's the use? There's no 'scaping the justice of God without repentin', and I don't repent, and don't mean ter, and, more than that, don't think I could if I tried."

"'Deed and 'deed," said the old woman beseechingly, "you could, dear, if ——"

"Hush," said he, "there's some one at the door. More o' them bloody doctors, I s'pose."

The gentle knock at the door was now repeated,

and in answer to Peggy's bidding to "walk in," a small old gentleman, a very small old gentleman indeed, and who, from an habitual stoop, seemed even smaller than he really was, entered with a light and rather timid step.

"Father Rivas!" said the old woman, with pleasurable surprise, rising and dropping a very low curtsey, "I am both happy and proud to see yer Reverence under my poor roof," and carefully wiping a chair with her apron, begged him to be seated.

"I was to see poor Mr. Gorman down stairs," said the old gentleman, apologetically, and speaking slowly, and with some difficulty, for, besides his imperfect command of English, he was suffering severely from asthma, "and hearing that my old friend Mike was ill, thought I would take the liberty of stepping up to see him."

"Bah!" said Mike incredulously, and pointing with his thumb towards his grandmother, "after she sent for you."

"Indeed, my dear boy, she did not send for me. Yet, if she had, it would not have been so very strange, when you remember what good friends you and I used to be."

"Yes, when I, like the little monkey that I was,

used to think it sich a nice thing to be dressed up fine, and sarve at the altar."

"You were a dear good child then," said the clergyman affectionately, "and used to look like a little angel in your cassock and surplice."

"As if angels ever wore cassocks and surplices!" said Mike derisively. "But," he added, turning his face towards the wall, "that's long enough ago to be forgot by both of us."

"A long while to you, no doubt, my dear;—near upon eighteen years;—yet seems but a short time to me. Why, I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, when you came to make your first confession. You were such a little bit of a fellow that I could not see you where you knelt outside, so I brought you into the confessional, and took you on my knee."

"Yes," said Mike, with a contemptuous laugh, "and when I had the great sin to confess—of burn-in' the cat's tail, because she scratched me."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "though not a very grievous sin, it was, at least, a cruelty, and cruelty, whether towards our fellow men, or the inferiour animals, is certainly sinful, and it is only when the conscience becomes hardened that we cease to regard it as such. But I did not come here

to preach," he added with a smile, "though that, you may say, is a part of my trade, but to enquire after your bodily health, and learn if there is any thing I can do for you."

"My health's bad enough, as you can see. It can't be no wuss, and a'n't likely to be no better. But I don't know as there's any thing you can do for me; so, if there's any body waitin' for you anywhere else, I hope you wo'n't stay here on my account."

"Mickey!" remonstrated the old woman, in a tone of deep mortification.

"I do not know of any one waiting for me at present, Mike," said the good priest, in the same kind tone and gentle manner in which he had still spoken, "and could, if you desired it, remain with you a half an hour, or so, without inconvenience. But I will not force my presence upon you; and, when I shall have delivered the message with which I am charged, will take my leave. It is from your dying father."

"My father dying!" demanded Veto, almost with a shriek, and fairly raising himself in the bed.

"He is dead!" answered the clergyman, solemnly.

"Then," said the young man, falling heavily back, "we shall soon meet in ——"



"Heaven, I trust," said the good father, finishing the sentence not as Veto would have finished it.

He then continued—

"Your father was lying in the Hospital, beyond all hope of recovery, when I was first called to see him. But, though evidently dying, he was perfectly sensible, and, I am happy to add, most truly penitent. After due preparation for death had been made, he begged me, as I regarded the peace of his soul, to seek out the son whom he had wickedly led out of the path in which he had been early trained to tread, and implore him, in the name of that Great Being whom we are all one day to meet, and for the sake of his own eternal welfare, to turn from the evil of his ways, and endeavour, while he has yet time, to become reconciled to the offended Majesty of Heaven! I did not come to this house to-night to seek you, Mike. I did not indeed know that you were here, or ill, until a few minutes before I came up-stairs. But being here, I could not leave you, perhaps forever, without delivering the message with which I was so solemnly charged. I have done so, and now I will go. God bless you!" And he arose, and left the room.

"Och, the misfortunate boy!" said old Peggy, weeping bitterly, as she lighted the clergyman down

the rickety stairs. "He's goin' wilfully unprepared into the presence of his Maker, and what then will become of his poor, poor sowl!"

"Let us hope, my dear child, or rather let us not content ourselves with any thing so inactive as hope, but let us *pray* that he may not go unprepared. God is rich in mercy; and He, who did so love the world as to give His only-begotten Son a ransom for it, does not love it less now that the tremendous price of man's redemption has been paid, but is willing, even at the last hour, to receive into favour the most hardened sinner, if he will but turn unto Him. Let us, then, pray that the heart of this poor boy may yield this night to the influence of Divine Grace, and accept the mercy that is still extended to him. Do ~~not~~ let me trouble you to come down stairs, my good Mrs. McTeague. I can find the way very well by myself. Should you want me at any time, do not let the unseasonableness of the hour prevent you sending for me. Early or late, I hope I shall always be ready to do the work of my dear Lord and Master. And now, good-night, and God bless you."

When Peggy returned to the room, she found her grandson apparently in a doze, the effect, as she supposed, of the powerful opiates that had been admin-

istered to him during the day, and taking from her pocket the beads she always carried with her, she retired behind the sheet hung up at the foot of the bed, to screen the sufferer from the cold air of the door, and kneeling, began the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. At first, for fear of disturbing the sleeper, her prayers were little more than mental; but, as she proceeded, she unconsciously gave them voice, at first in whispers, that gradually became louder and louder as she went on, accompanied with frequent and heavy sobs and plentiful showers of tears. The love of the poor old woman for the worthless child of her lost darling had ever been strong, and strong now was the effort she was making to obtain for him—even at the eleventh hour—the much needed grace of repentance.

But Mike was not asleep; nor had he been. He was only “making believe,” to prevent his grandmother speaking to him, for just then he wished to be left in undisturbed communion with his own thoughts. The incidental reference to the days of his innocent childhood, had, in spite of all his swagger and affected stoicism, awakened within him feelings akin to sorrow for the follies and crimes that had so deeply stained his after years; and the solemn message from his father, for love of whom he

had first become a visitor to those scenes of dissipation and vice which he afterwards frequented for his own gratification, had sunk deep into his heart. The hardness of indifference, manifested by him in the presence of the priest, was gradually giving way to something like remorse, when the earnest prayers and agonizing sobs of the poor old woman reached his ears, and knowing that it was for him she prayed, for him those agonizing sobs were heaved, his frozen heart was melted, and tears—the blessed tears of sincere repentance!—gushed freely from his eyes.

“Mother,” said he—it was thus he always called her in his amiable or affectionate moods—“do you think Father Rivas would come here again to-night, if sent for?”

“I know he would, dear,” she answered, with a gladdened heart.

“Then let him be sent for.”

In less than an hour from his departure, Father Rivas was again at the bedside of Veto Mike.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

TIGHE LYFFORD was in the Tombs, and on a charge of murder. This was soon known throughout the city, and to none better than the fashionable friends among whom he had moved, but a few days before, as one whom all his "world" delighted to honour. But, although "That shocking affair of Lyfford's" was upon every tongue, there was not one of all those friends to seek him now with the sympathy of which he stood so much in need. He had written to Miss Frothingham the morning after his arrest, to assure her, that, although stupidity or malevolence had fastened this charge upon him, he should have no difficulty, in a very little while, in proving its utter groundlessness, when he should return to her and society with an untarnished name. To this letter he received no answer; and two days after he learned from the "Herald" that the Frothinghams had left town for Washington. He also wrote to

Mrs. Grant Buckhurst. But that lady, having shown the letter to her "Dear Grant," and wondered what the fellow could mean by writing to *her*, threw the missive into the fire, and took no further notice of it or the writer.

He then wrote to the "Little-Hairy Man," upon whose friendship he thought he could rely, begging him to come to him, if it were but for five minutes; or if he could not, to do so much for him, at least, as to correct certain erroneous statements which had been allowed to appear in the paper with which that gentleman was connected. But his friend could not spare him even the poor five minutes he had asked; nor did it appear that he made any attempt to correct the false statements complained of. So far from that, indeed, new ones were daily added to them, which, with a powerful tale in the "City," ascribed to this friend of Tighe's, served to blacken still deeper a character sufficiently dark already, and strengthen the prejudices against him, that were so strong before as to render the difficulty of forming a jury without bias in his case almost, if not altogether, insurmountable.

And unhappily the reality of his guilt was hardly to be questioned even by those most favourably disposed towards him. He had been seen by one

following Lizzie Condon in a part of the city in which he could hardly have had any business, and by another in conversation with her in the neighbourhood of certain vacant lots, when it was evident, by her tone and manner, that something unpleasant was passing between them. And although the body found in the river was too much disfigured to be recognized by her nearest friends, yet that it was the body of poor Lizzie no one could doubt, when both Mrs. Condon and Nelly swore positively to the clothes it had on, as being those worn by the missing girl; and then, to bring the deed more directly home to the accused, the handkerchief with which the poor creature had apparently been strangled was marked with the names in full of "Tighe Lyfford" and "Lizzie Condon."

But the motive? O that was perfectly understood by everybody. In her testimony before the Coroner, Nelly had spoken of an engagement which had, as she believed, at one time existed between the prisoner and her sister, and which was broken off by him upon his acquaintance with Miss Frothingham, whom, as was generally known, he expected shortly to marry. Then what was more likely, than that he should seek to rid himself of one, whose claims might have seriously interfered with his designs

upon the fortune of the millionaire's daughter? Murders have been committed ere now from motives less powerful; and that he could be guiltless of the charge brought against him, scarce one in a thousand was willing to believe. In short, long before he could be placed upon trial for his crime, Tighe Lyfford stood a convicted murderer at the bar of Public Opinion.

And the judgment of the world within the prison was precisely that of the world without its walls. That, too, condemned him. And the only time he availed himself of the stinted privilege of exercising his limbs outside his cell, he was made sensible of this, and sensible, also, of the abhorrence felt by every heart for the shedder of human blood. Here were men, and boys, too, alas! guilty of almost every crime made punishable by the laws of man;—the low thief, the daring burglar and highway robber; the street bully and brutified pugilist; the smooth swindler, the accomplished forger, and smug and most heartless bigamist, with many others that we forbear to name;—yet, as he passed among them, the very worst of these criminals seemed to shrink aside, as if they “looked upon themselves as fiends less foul” than he upon whose brow had Public Opinion already set the mark of Cain.



It was some weeks before the sitting of the court of "Oyer and Terminer" that Tighe was arrested, and as he persiated in making his confinement all that time more rigorous than was necessary, his health was now become very seriously affected. So much so, indeed, that his mother and counsel, and good Father Rivas, the only persons he would admit to his cell—much to the disappointment of certain philanthropic old ladies of both sexes—began to fear that his life would hardly hold out until the day of trial. But as the powers of the body sank, those of the mind seemed to gain new vigour, and as its native, but long latent energies awoke into healthful activity, the character of the man underwent a thorough and most beneficial change, and he firmly resolved, should his life be spared, to make, in the future, some atonement for the follies of the past. This, however, might prove nothing more than a sick-bed resolution of amendment, to be broken upon the first promise of returning health, for we are told that

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,"

but, it is immediately added, that

"When the devil got well—the devil a monk was he."

"O, Mr. Dapper," said one of three ladies, who, accompanied by a stout old gentleman, were about to enter a carriage, in front of one of the Fifth Avenue palaces, "are not you going to Mrs. Puddingstone's *matinée*?"

"I shall not have that pleasure, I am sorry to say," returned the gentleman addressed, stopping for a moment to join the party, "for the trial of that Lyfford is on to-day, and my duty to the public requires me to be present."

"O, it's to-day, is it?" said another of the party, a pretty, gentle-looking creature, with soft blue eyes, and very fair ringlets. "He'll certainly be hanged. Don't you think he will?"

"Really, can't say," answered Mr. Stacey Dapper, pursing up his little mouth, and looking as wise as the bird of Minerva.

"O, I hope so," said the first speaker; "don't you?" turning to the third lady of the party, who was no other than our old acquaintance Miss Crofoot.

"I do, indeed," answered that amiable lady, "for he richly deserves to be hanged, as every one must say who has read even the most favourable account of the affair."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "as I never read

the papers, I have formed no opinion on the fellow's guilt or innocence; and don't care a straw whether he's hanged or not."

"O, pa, how can you say so?" said the blue-eyed young lady. "He ought certainly to be hanged, if only for mortifying poor Minna Frothingham as he did."

"And disappointing you in being a bridesmaid," said the old gentleman, laughing.

"Nonsense, pa;—it isn't for that."

"Poor Minna," said Mr. Stacey Dapper, commiseratingly; "she must feel wretchedly this morning!"

"Not a bit of it," replied the first speaker, tossing her head. "The dear girl is already engaged to Count Bublowski, whom she met in Washington, and will be married the first Monday in June."

"Indeed! I know the Count very well."

"Do you? What kind of person is he?" asked all the ladies at once.

"O a capital fellow! A first-rate billiard player, and without a rival on the flute. When I was in New Orleans last year, he belonged to the orchestra of Tom Placide's 'Varieties.' *Au revoir.*" And the little man, making his best bow, passed on."

Yes, the day of trial was come; and at an early hour every part of the large court-room was densely

crowded by men, and women, too, eager to witness the torture and ignominy of a fellow-creature, whose simplest acts, and most careless sayings, from boyhood up, were to be brought forward, twisted into meanings they were never intended to convey, and commented on as proofs of a depraved nature,—of a cruel and bloodthirsty disposition. There was much difficulty at first in forming an unprejudiced jury, as there must ever be where the opinions of the many are taken from the few who have control of the press; but after the waste of considerable time, and when some scores had been challenged and set aside, twelve men were found whose minds—if they had any—were not made up, and who were willing to render a verdict in accordance with the testimony produced. The trial then began.

Tighe had been ill, and was still so weak as to require the support of his counsel on entering the room. But when, on glancing around, he encountered the contemptuous or malignant gaze of many of his former associates, among whom he recognized the “Little-Hairy Man” and Mr. Stacey Dapper, pride came to his assistance, and casting back upon them a look of scorn, he relinquished the arm on which he had been leaning, and walked firmly to his place. Here, however, his new-found

strength suddenly forsook him. Opposite to him were Mrs. Condon and Nelly, and their friends, the St. Remys and Mark Hurley; and when he beheld the marks of intense suffering in the faces of the mother and sister of poor Lizzie, his soul was filled with anguish, and covering his face with his handkerchief, gave way to the tears he found it impossible to restrain. Was this remorse? or was it mere physical weakness?

The trial began, and proceeded; but, as it may be found in full in any of the papers of that day, it is not our intention to reproduce it here, nor yet, at once, to hurry to its conclusion; but, while it is going on, we will return to the poor apartment of Peggy McTeague, and to Father Rivas, whom we left in attendance on Veto Mike, whose confession he had heard, and to whom he was now preparing to administer the last sacraments—solemnly indeed—yet not with his usual calm and collected manner, but with a nervous trepidation that told of some inward struggle which the good priest found it quite impossible to overcome.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Yes, a painful struggle was evidently going on in the heart of Father Rivas, whose deep reverence for the solemn act of religion in which he was now engaged was sadly disturbed by an impatient longing to be at that moment in a distant part of the country; and as soon as his duty—his whole duty—was performed, he left the bedside of the dying penitent, and hurried to his own house. It was near daylight when he entered it; but, although his weary and enfeebled frame was greatly in need of rest, he did not retire to bed. Instead of that, he sat down and wrote some directions to his assistant, to whom he committed the further care of Veto Mike, after which he took up a book and read—perhaps his “Office”—until it was time to repair to the church to say Mass, at which he was assisted by no one but his own servant, whom for that purpose, though very reluctantly, he had been obliged to awake out

of a sound sleep. After this he returned to the house, and having swallowed a cup of coffee, which his provident old housekeeper had prepared for him, and put a few biscuits in a carpet-bag with his Breviary and a couple of shirts, he told the servant not to expect him home for some days, and set out, almost upon the run for the depôt, which he reached just in time to obtain the only unoccupied seat in the last car.

It was a lovely day of early spring, and at any other time the good old clergyman, who, notwithstanding a life of toil and self-denial, had still both the eye and the heart of a poet, and, like a true poet, a keen sense of the beautiful in nature, would have hailed it with the sincerest pleasure. But now, had the rapidity with which he was hurried along rendered it possible for him to obtain a view of the country through which he was passing—a country eminently worthy the admiration of any lover of the picturesque—he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to give heed to any thing without, and sat in the car as unseeing as if he were physically blind.

But if blind, he was not deaf; and the sound of a tremendous crash, followed by the combined shrieks of scores of women and children, brought him sud-

denly to his feet, only to be thrown with great violence to the opposite side of the car, from which, however, he received no further injury than a bruised shoulder and a slight cut of the left temple. This stunned him for a few moments, and a few moments only, and when sufficiently recovered to look around, he beheld a scene of indescribable confusion and dismay. Something had certainly happened, but what no one seemed able to tell, and he found it almost impossible to make his way to one of the doors of the car, to ascertain the cause of all this commotion. This was soon apparent. A bridge had given way beneath the locomotive, and that, with the baggage and one passenger car, was precipitated into the stream below, which fortunately was not deep, so that the passengers in the shattered car, who had escaped other injuries, did not run any great risk of being drowned.

Yet the accident was by no means a trifling one. The engineer and brakeman were instantly killed, and many of the passengers maimed for life, while those who had escaped actual bodily harm were in a state of excitement nearly bordering upon frenzy, and utterly unable to render the slightest assistance to the sufferers around them. Then it was that the clear mind and active benevolence of Father Rivas



made "the funny little man," as he had been thought when he came into the car, a person of the first importance. He seemed possessed of ubiquity. Wherever there was pain, he was there to alleviate it; and whenever advice was needed, or an order required, all seemed to look to the old priest as the one whose province it was to give it; and it was by his direction, or rather in compliance with his suggestion, that a despatch was forwarded in time to stop the down train before it came to the broken bridge, and news sent to the city for a locomotive to take back the cars that contained the dead and injured, and such of the passengers as were anxious to return.

When all others were cared for, the old gentleman began to think a little of himself. His bruised shoulder gave him considerable pain, and his wounded temple, which he had hastily bound with a cotton handkerchief, without washing the blood from it, was becoming rather sore. He was weak too from over exertion and want of food, for he had taken nothing all day but a single cup of coffee, and it was now considerably past the hour of noon. Yet he deemed the time too precious to waste in any extra care upon himself. So, washing the blood from his face and temple, and partially satisfying

his hunger with a few of his biscuits and a drink of pure spring water given him by a poor woman in a wayside shanty—it was all she had to give—he set out for the nearest station on another road—a distance of five miles or more—on foot.

Father Rivas was obliged, in the way of his profession, to walk a great deal. But it was walking in the city; and though much of it was in bye streets and ill-paved alleys, use had rendered it far less laborious than the rough up and down hill road that now lay before him, and which he was full two hours in passing over.

At the end of this time he arrived at a mean, straggling village, of two or three dozen houses, which he entered just as the "Iron Horse," with his hot breath and discordant neigh, came panting and puffing up, with a long line of well-filled cars, in which he was fortunate enough to get a seat, and where, overcome by fatigue, immediately after having paid his fare, he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until admonished, by a demand for his ticket, that he was near ———. The next day he continued his journey in a stage, and completed it as the last rays of the sun were stealing from the bosom of the unpretending Hoosic, by stopping at a tavern, of no very prepossessing

appearance, that stood at the cross roads, about two miles beyond the village of Sidonia.

At the door he was met by a tall, snuffy old woman, in a very dirty cap with pink ribbons, a faded calico wrapper, stockings out at heels, and slipshod shoes, who having ushered him into the bar-room, which was also the common sitting room of the house, stepped within the bar, from which she turned upon him a look that asked as plainly as a look could, "What will you please to have?" to which he replied by asking in turn "Have I the honour of addressing Mrs. Hoppock?"

"You have, sir," was the answer.

"Then may I ask," he again said, without putting down his carpet-bag, or advancing nearer to the bar than the middle of the room, "if Miss Lucy Cottrell is at present here?"

"You may ax what you please," returned the lady, sharply; "but whether I shill answer or not is another guess sort o' thing. But s'posin' there was sich a parson here as you axed for—and I don't say whether there be or not—I should like to know who and what you be, and where you come from, that makes the enquiry?"

"I am an old man, as you may see," answered the priest; "a clergyman by profession, and have come

from New York in search of this young woman, whom I was assured I should find here."

"A minister, ha?" said Mrs. Hoppock, coming out of the bar with a look of disappointment. "Now who upon arth could ha' sent a gentlemen of your perfession on sich a wild goose chase, clean from York, where there a'n't a soul, as I know on, that has ever heerd of Polly Hoppock?"

"Except," said the old gentleman, quietly, "it may be Madame La Force, of L—— street, who, as I understand, claims a very near relationship to you."

"Laud! if you know my Sal, there's no use shamming any longer, and I may as well tell you, that the gal you axed for is here."

"Can I see her?"

"Well, that I can't say. She's very queer at times, and often goes hull days without speakin' a word, or so much as comin' out of her room, and has all along refused to see ither a doctor or minister, though she was only about two weeks ago at the very pint o' death. What name shall I tell her?"

"My name is Rivas. But let me accompany you," he added, as Mrs. Hoppock was moving lazily out of the room; "for see her I must, whether she will or not."

“Well, you kin come if you like. But don’t be afeared to put down that bag. There’s no thieves in *my* house.”

He put the bag on a table, and followed the shuffling steps of the landlady through a dusky passage, and up creaking stairs, to Miss Cottrell’s room, that was nothing more than a portion of the garret, over the kitchen, which his conductress was about to enter without pausing to knock, when, by a gentle pull at her dress, he restrained her, and then they stood and listened, while a low tremulous voice gave utterance to these words:—

“The storm was loud, and night lay o’er  
The city like a pall:  
A haggard form, in tattered weeds,  
Crouched by a churchyard wall.  
No home had she in all the world,  
And piteous was her moan,  
But less for friendly roof or hearth,  
Than that she was alone.

“The storm passed on, and morning broke  
All cloudless and serene,  
When in unsightly shroud a more  
Unsightly corse was seen.  
But thence, ’mid night and tempest, had  
A suffering spirit flown  
Up to its dwelling-place with God,  
To be no more alone!”

A deep sigh from the singer as she concluded her song, was answered by one not less deep from Father Rivas, as he murmured "Poor child! poor child! thou shalt not be much longer *alone*!" But Mrs. Hoppock, unwilling to waste time in useless sentimentality, threw open the door and shouted, as if she were addressing some one who, as she herself would have said, was "thick o' hearin'"—

"Here, Miss Lucy, is Mr. Rivers come to see you." To which Miss Lucy, who was sitting on the floor at the low dormer-window of her room, looking out upon the sky, now darkening into twilight, answered, without turning her head—

"I will not see him. You know I will not see any one."

"O yes, my child," said the old gentleman, stepping into the room, "you will see me. You will not refuse to see poor old Father Rivas?"

Springing to her feet with a cry of joy, the young woman took a step or two towards him; but suddenly recoiling, she covered her face with her hands, and cried in a frightened voice—

"No, no, no! I must not see;—I dare not know even you!"

"Leave us, my good lady, for a few minutes, if you will be so good?" said the priest to Mrs. Hop-

pock; and that worthy woman, who thought she heard a customer below, very kindly withdrew, and left the two together.

The next morning Father Rivas, suffering a good deal from his bruised shoulder, and aching in every limb, but with a countenance radiant with delight, accompanied by Miss Lucy Cottrell, took a seat in the stage for ——, leaving Mrs. Hoppock to mutter, as she looked after them—

“ Well, for a minister, he’s the freest of his money of any one I ever knowed.”

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE trial of Tighe Lyfford was at an end, and a conviction of his guilt had taken possession of the minds of every one present. The counsel for the defence had done all that man could do, to rebut the only positive testimony against the prisoner, that of the person who had seen him with Lizzie Condon the evening of her disappearance. But to no purpose. Not one witness of the many called, although they could easily remember where they had seen him on the afternoon and late in the evening of the fatal day, could prove where he was at the particular hour named. Yet, had there been no one to swear positively against him, the circumstance of the handkerchief would have satisfied the most sceptical, that no one but he had been the perpetrator of the fiendish deed. So the trial ended, and the judge was about to deliver his charge to the jury, when Tighe rose in his place and said, in a low but distinct tone—



“ If it please the Court, I would beg permission to say a few words, to soften if possible, if not remove, some of the prejudice that has been so industriously raised up against me, or at any rate in my own defence. My whole life, with all the follies and weaknesses of one who never laid claim to perfectibility, has been passed in review, for no conceivable purpose, but to prepare the minds of those who are to pronounce on my guilt or innocence to receive without questioning a conviction of my guilt. Yet what has been shown? Nothing, positively nothing, until a certain time, but that a foolish young man, intoxicated with the Circean cup of fashionable dissipation, forgot not only the friends and companions of his humbler youth, but forgot himself so far as to offer those vows of love to one which of right belonged to another. This, alas! is only too true; for I had indeed forgotten myself most sadly, when I could for a moment have thought of setting up a strange idol in my heart, in place of that image which had been the object of my earliest, and, let me add—now that I am perfectly sobered by the fearful strait in which I am placed—of my latest adoration. Yes here, before the mocking eyes of all present, I lay bare the secret I once thought to carry with me to the grave, and declare, that she

whom I am accused of murdering was the only woman I have ever loved.

“But this is not what I wished to say.

“I am accused of murder ;—a crime from which the soul of the most hardened recoils with horror ; and so conclusive is the evidence against me, that few, if any, in all this vast assembly can believe me innocent. And yet, without denying that I saw Lizzie Condon in the street that night, and spoke to her, nay more, that I had had in my possession for many years the very handkerchief which has been produced in court, I declare, in the presence of Him before whom we are all one day to appear, that I am guiltless, even in thought, of the crime with which I am charged. This it may never be in my power to prove to the world, and failing to prove it, I shall descend to a dishonoured grave, with the stain of murder resting upon my name ; yet, so firm is my faith in the justice of Heaven, that I do not believe this generation will be permitted to pass away, until the obloquy, which a verdict of guilty may this day cast upon it, shall be wiped from my memory. But ——”

Here he was interrupted by a noise at the other end of the room, which soon grew into quite a tumult, when the Judge called out in a severe tone,

"Officer, keep order there."

"May it please your Honour," returned the officer, "there is a person here who insists upon coming in, saying he brings a witness for the prisoner."

"Then admit him," said the Judge.

And thereupon a little old gentleman was seen making his way through the crowd, which kindly opened a passage for him as he approached, leading by the hand an apparently young woman closely veiled.

"Place the witness on the stand," said the Judge.

And the young woman, who trembled violently, was assisted to the stand by the old gentleman who had accompanied her. She stood a few moments with her hand pressed upon her heart, as if to quiet its pulsation, and then turned aside her veil, when, as with one voice, Mrs. Condon, Nelly, and the St. Remys cried, "Lizzie! Lizzie!" and Tighe, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "The justice of Heaven!" and with a startling, hysterical laugh, fell back fainting into the arms of his counsel.

When recovered, many of those who had stood during the trial, or who, as proof was added to proof against him, had listened with careless indifference, or ill-concealed satisfaction, now gathered eagerly around him with their congratulations,

which certainly did not lack in warmth if they did in sincerity. Among these were the "Little-Hairy Man" and Mr. Stacey Dapper. But, while he returned the friendly demonstrations of some with a slight smile or a bow, and of others with a cold "thank you," he did not appear to see any of the hands that were extended towards him by his former acquaintances as he moved towards the door, until he encountered honest Mark Hurley, who, in admiration of Tighe's open avowal of love for Lizzie Condon, was ready to overlook all that he had ever had reason to find fault with, his early friend, and in having made his way to him as he came down, thrust out his hand to him, as he said in a low, but very earnest tone,

"God bless you, Tighe! You have this day more than made amends for all the past."

"Thank you, Mark, thank you," returned Tighe, taking the hard labour-browned hand in both of his. "I have been unhappily blind for a long time; *but now*, thank Heaven! *I see*." And he left the courtroom.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

AND now to elucidate the mystery which had for so many weeks hung over the fate of Lizzie Condon. Having, upon the eventful evening of her last meeting with Tighe, walked very rapidly for some minutes after leaving him, she was obliged, from a return of pain in the side, to slacken her pace, and was proceeding slowly, and very, very sadly homeward, when she thought she heard footsteps behind her. Lizzie was a proud girl, with no small share of spirit, but by no means one of the "strong-minded" sisterhood, as we already know, and now became very much alarmed, when she fancied she was likely to be overtaken in the darkest, as well as loneliest, part of the new street she had unfortunately chosen as her most direct way home. She thereupon quickened her steps, when those behind her—for there seemed to be more than one—did the same, and as she attempted to escape pursuit—if

pursuit were intended—by running, something was suddenly thrown over her head, and brought down over her face, so that she could neither see nor cry out, and finding herself at that moment seized by both arms, she fainted.

The actors in this scene of outrage were Veto Mike and Pete Van Sicklen, brother of that Brom who was shot on board the schooner, and who was afterwards the principal witness for the State in the late trial. They had seen the interview between her and Tighe, as Pete swore; and Veto, partly to satisfy a grudge he had long entertained against the unoffending girl, for the beating he had received on her account some years before, and partly to excite public indignation against Tighe, whom he hated with an intense hatred, and upon whom he felt sure there would be no difficulty in fastening the charge of her abduction, determined to seize and carry her off. This determination he communicated to his companion, who, being more than half drunk, and looking upon it withal as a capital piece of fun, eagerly offered to assist him in his undertaking, and they proceeded to do as we have seen.

But upon finding that she had fainted, they were about to leave her in the street, when a hackman, who had probably been up town with “a fare,”

came along, and was willing, for a reasonable compensation, to take the young men and their sick sister to their home in L—— street; and into their home in L—— street the poor girl was taken more dead than alive, and laid upon a sofa in a splendidly furnished parlour.

“O Weto, what have you done?” asked the mistress of the house, whose face was pale in spite of her rouge, and whose voice never rose above a hoarse whisper, “I can’t have any stranger here just now, no how. That obstinate fool, Carrie Davis—”

“The tall gal, with the black hair?”

“Yes. She’s gone and choked herself to death with her own hair, and I ’spect every minute that some one will go and blab it to the p’lice, and then we shall have to have a coroner’s inquest in the house, and to answer all sorts of awk’ard questions, and there’s no knowing the mischief that may follow the diskivery of this gal’s being here.”

“Jist you keep quiet for a minute, will you?” said Veto, “and don’t let any o’ the gals say nothin’ about what’s happened, and I’ll make it all straight for you in a jiffy.” For the circumstance of the unfortunate girl’s death had suggested to a mind ever active in evil the means of fastening upon Tighe a charge of murder instead of simple abduc-

tion, and he now, having first given Madame La Force, *alias* Sal Hoppock, an inkling of the plan he had formed, proceeded to put it into execution.

Being left alone with Lizzie, he went up to the sofa where she was lying, restored to consciousness indeed, but almost helpless through fear, and asked—

“Do you know where you be?”

“I only know I am where I should not be,” she answered faintly. “I am not at home.”

“No, nor you a’n’t likely to be to hum for some time yet, if you don’t do as I advise. But first let me ax, do you know me?”

She looked up at him.

“I think I do,” she said. “You are Mike Mulvey.”

“Yes; that’s me.”

“O Mike,” she asked earnestly, and rising to a sitting posture, “what harm have I ever done you that you should do this wrong to me?”

“You never did no harm to me, Pretty Lizzie, but others did. And it’s through you that I mean to pay him up for all. Yet a hair of your head sha’n’t be hurt, if you’ll only do as I say. You shill go away from New York, maybe for two or three months, or till I give you leave to come back, to some nice quiet country place, where you must pass



by a new name ; and you shall swear to me upon the Bible—pooh ! there's no sich thing as a Bible here ;—but this will do as well,” he added, taking hold of a little cross that hung from her neck ;—“ and you shill swear by this, never to let on who or what you are, or where you come from till you've hearn from me.”

“ But my mother, my poor mother ! O how can I go and leave her in uncertainty of my fate ? 'Tis impossible !”

“ You must do as I perpose, or here you stay, and I don't think that would be any great comfort to your mother if she ever comed to know it.”

“ But mayn't I let her know that I am living ?”

“ Not till I say you may. And now answer at oncet, whether you'll go or not ?”

“ I have no alternative,” said poor Lizzie, sinking back in despair, “ and must do as you desire.”

And the next morning, as Lucy Cottrell, in the dead girl's clothes, she was sent to old Mrs. Hop-pock, with whom she was to remain until called for, and with whom she would have remained, no doubt, until the career of Tighe Lyfford had been closed by an ignominious death, but for the timely repentance of Veto Mike, and his confession to Father Rivas, which enabled that good old man to exert himself

for her restoration to her friends. It will be seen, of course, that the clothes found upon the wretched suicide were those taken from Lizzie, and the handkerchief, that seemed so conclusive of the guilt of Tighe, had been found in one of the pockets of her dress, and tied upon the throat of the dead girl by Veto.\*

\* Readers of newspapers will readily remember the circumstance of a body being found at, or near, Newburgh, two or three years ago, which was identified by very near relations, or friends, as that of a young woman who, as she herself proved, was alive at the time. To this circumstance, however, must not be ascribed the incident recorded in this story, which was written at least two years before.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"Is that all?" asked the lady friend to whom we had read the preceding pages, as we laid the manuscript down.

"All, my dear madam?" we asked in return.  
"What more would you have?"

"O, a great deal. I should like to know something more of the persons you have been endeavouring to interest me in. For instance, I should like to know if Mrs. Condon ever recovered the shock she suffered from that sad affair of her daughter's."

"Perfectly; and in a little while appeared, and was, indeed, as well as she had been for many years before; and her present exemption from her long-sustained struggle with poverty, bids fair to prolong her existence to a good old age."

"Did she come into a fortune?"

"A very good one, by the marriage of her daugh-

ter Nelly with her single-hearted lover, Mark Hurley, who was at last in circumstances to do what he had long wished to do—grant, not merely a shelter, but a *home* to her and little Arthur; *little* Arthur, however, no longer, but a well-grown lad, and a promising clerk in the house of ‘Lewis and St. Remy.’”

“Nelly, then, receded from her resolution—not to marry Mark until he should become a ‘boss?’”

“No, for ‘boss’ he was before she married him. Madame de Luynes had had it in contemplation for a considerable time to build, upon some of the up-town lots she had inherited from her father, a number of neat, comfortable houses, that could be let at reasonable rents to respectable poor families, who had long been obliged to confine themselves to those dens of filth, and often of infamy, called ‘Tenement Houses,’ and as soon as her plans were matured, she gave the job to Mark, who from that day till this, has been doing a business that is likely to make him a rich man in a very few years.”

“But Lizzie? Did she go to live with Mark, too?”

“No, for at that time, as the companion of Madame de Luynes had acted upon a resolution formed some years before, of becoming a lay sister

in the 'House of Mercy,' that lady prevailed upon Lizzie to come and assist her in the charge she had assumed of the young Woodnorths, whom she had taken into her house upon the death of their father, and to whose education she was now devoting herself with all the heartiness with which that admirable woman has ever entered into any scheme of usefulness. Yet, notwithstanding the amount of time given by Madame de Luynes to her new duties, she did not withdraw from society, but remains in it to be, as she ever had been, one of its brightest ornaments."

"And the young St. Remy?"

"Upon admission to a partnership with his early friend and employer, he was gratified by his mother, in leaving the old-fashioned house in which Woodnorth died, and taking a more modern one up town, which, without being in a fashionable, is in what is far better, a quiet and highly respectable neighbourhood; and to this house gentle Mary Woodnorth is expected soon to come, as the bride of its young master, and to which she is likely to bring for dower something of more real value than the few thousands settled upon her by Madame de Luynes, —a pure and loving heart, and a mind, naturally good, made better by an excellent education."

"Mrs. Everest still lives, I hope?"

"Still lives, and still receives her friends—who are as numerous as ever—with her usual grace and graciousness; while Mrs. Grant Buckhurst is excluded even from the questionable society to which she was at one time admitted. Having, by her open flirtations with every good-looking fellow that frequented her set, become the talk of the town, her conduct at last was so glaringly bad, that even her dull-minded husband could not help taking notice of it. A flare-up ensued, which was soon after followed by a separation, and she is now living upon alimony, but where, there are very few who know, and, we think, there are fewer still who care."

"'Poor dear old Crofoot,' as Minna Frothingham used to call her, what of her?"

"Very little, except that she is older and something bluer than heretofore, and more liberal, that is to say, more anti-christian than ever. She is still, however, the fast friend of Minna Frothingham."

"But do tell me, did Minna Frothingham marry that Count Bublowski?"

"No, Minna Frothingham, though twice engaged since her match with Tighe was broken off, is Minna Frothingham still. Unfortunately, or rather, as we should perhaps say, fortunately, while every thing

was in active preparation for her marriage with the Count, a lady, attached to the Italian Opera, arrived in the city, and claimed him for her husband, and with very good right, no doubt, for she had, as Goldsmith says, 'her claim allowed,' and took him off with her. After this she was engaged to Mr. Stacey Dapper. But a stop was suddenly put to all matrimonial proceedings between them, by a charge of embezzlement of certain funds entrusted to him by his employers, by means of which that public-spirited young gentleman hoped to advance the cause of literature in his native land, when he quietly withdrew from public life, and Minna Frothingham at the same time, and left his darling 'City' to the editorial care of the 'Little-Hairy Man,' who has since turned it into a political sheet, that bids fair in Billingsgate and low personalities to rival the —— or ——."

"According to 'poetic justice,'" said the lady, "Mr. Hardie Truckell, of course, lost either in official position, or in public opinion, for his cowardly treatment of poor Woodnorth?"

"No, madam; far from it. Mr. Hardie Truckell has risen, and is rising in official position and political importance, and, consequently, in public opinion, and will continue to rise until he shall become a powerful competitor with Senator B——, of Califor-

nia, or some other equally dignified member of the American House of Lords, for the highest office in the gift of a free people;—and he will probably be successful. Is there any thing more you would like to know?”

“Why, of course, there is. I want to know something more definitely of the hero of your story, Tighe Lyfford.”

“Well, madam, you shall be gratified. For four years after his trial, but little was seen or heard of Tighe Lyfford, though for some time he narrowly escaped being lionized by the ‘Mrs. Leo-Hunters’ about town, whose invitations, conveyed in the sweetest notes imaginable, he not only refused to accept, but to reply to, and his existence, if still remembered by his fashionable acquaintances, was never now alluded to by them, while by the friends and associates of his earlier life, he seemed almost, if not entirely forgotten. Yet no four years of all that he could number had been so well spent as these. Mrs. St. Remy had in her conversation with Lizzie—as she was very ready afterwards to acknowledge—judged him unjustly. There was something more in Tighe than she had given him credit for; and the real gold of his character had only been rendered more pure by the fiery ordeal through which he had just passed.



Throwing aside at once and forever the idleness and frivolity of his late life, and giving up all intercourse with fashion, with his room at the Astor, and retiring quietly to his mother's house, he applied himself in good earnest to the study and duties of his profession, and was able, at last, to take that stand among the young lawyers of the day to which his natural abilities, and late close application to business so justly entitled him. 'If you are poor, and unjustly accused,' used at this time to be said, 'go to Mr. Lyfford, and he will defend you for nothing, and get you off too.' After this he once more appeared in the world—but a world very different from that in which he had formerly figured—and soon became as distinguished among those with whom distinction was something to be proud of, as he had been among the idlers of other days.

"About this time it was that Lizzie Condon was informed one morning, at Madame de Luynes', that a lady was waiting in the parlour to see her; and, upon descending, she was greatly surprised to find who her visitor was.

" 'Mrs. Lyfford, I believe,' said Lizzie, slightly drawing herself up.

" 'Yes, Lizzie dear,' said that lady, rising and advancing towards her with outstretched hands, 'tis no

wan else but me. How have you been this long, long time, my dear garril?

“ ‘Quite well, I thank you,’ returned Lizzie coldly, but accepting one of the hands that were offered to her. I hope I see you well also.’

“ ‘Never better in all my life,’ answered her visitor briskly.

“ ‘Will you not be seated?’ asked Lizzie, pointing to a sofa.

“ ‘Why, yes,’ she said, doing as she was desired, ‘for there’s something partic’lar I have to say to you, if you’ll give me lave.’

“ Lizzie bowed; and seating herself at a little distance, waited for what she had to say.

“ Mrs. Lyfford was not easily abashed, but the persistent coldness of Lizzie seemed at last to take her somewhat aback, and she had to clear her throat more than once before she began her speech.

“ At length she said—

“ ‘It’s never an asy thing, Miss Lizzie, to own wan-self in faut, and acknowledge the wrong we’ve done another, and the older we grow, the harder it is. Now I’ve come here this morning on no other arrand than jist to own myself very much to blame at wan time o’ my life, and guilty of a great wrong—a greater wrong than I’d any idea of—to the child of

an ould friend, and you may be sure I find it no asy matter. But it must be done, or the wrong will be greater at last than it was at first. Now the long and the short of it is, Lizzie Condon, that only for me, you and my son Toighe might ha' been man and wife years ago."

"‘Madam,’ said Lizzie, rising, ‘if I’d thought —’

"‘Och, sit down, child, sit down,’ said Mrs. Lyfford, pulling at her skirt, ‘and hear me out. ’Twas the wish of both your fathers, God rest them! that you two should make a match, and myself had no objection to it as long as I thought you wor equal as to fortun. But when I found on my ould man’s death, that Toighe would be quite rich, while you, I knew, must be poor, a foolish thought came into my head, that, with his good looks, and his edication and fine manners, and all that, he might do better. It was not only a foolish, but a very wicked thought, and I know it now, and have known it since that day, when, though no wan thought ever to set eyes on you again, he declared before the whole coort, that he never had loved, and never would love any but you, and I have repented it ever since. Lizzie, can you forgive the wrong I did you, and come and be a daughter to me, in

place of my poor wee Nannie, that God has taken to Himself?"

"‘I should think Mr. Lyfford ——’ Lizzie began, but was not permitted to proceed.

"‘I’m not done yet,’ said her visitor. ‘Twas my wish that Toighe should perpose to you imma-diently after the trial;—but he wouldn’t listen to me. “Mother,” he said, and the tears stood in his eyes when he spoke, “by my folly has Lizzie Condon been made to suffer what, to one of her sensitive nature, was even worse than death; and, until I shall have atoned for that folly by an altered life, and made for myself a new name, so that I can without blushing look the world fairly in the face, I should not dare to ask her to unite her fate with mine. But if the time should ever come, mother, when I shall do what I now propose, and she should then consent to become my wife, I will endeavour to prove, by my entire devotedness, how firm was the possession she has always had of my heart.” Garril, that time has come!’ said Mrs. Lyfford, rising; and added, as she thrust a letter into Lizzie’s hand, ‘and in this my poor boy axes to be allowed to see you, and larn his fate from your own lips.’ The next moment she was gone.

"We never knew exactly the contents of that

letter, which, from the number of times she was obliged to read it over, Lizzie must have found very hard to decypher. Nor, indeed, did she seem fully to comprehend all it contained until she had submitted it to the inspection of Madame de Luynes and her aunt Nora. But, whatever they might have been, they could not have added any thing to the barrier that had for some years existed between her and her lover, for in a very little while after, that barrier was cast down, or else everleaped, and good old Father Rivas had the happiness, a few months before his death, of indissolubly uniting two persons to whose temporal—and, it may be, eternal—salvation he had so largely contributed. Now, madam, are you satisfied?

“Perfectly.”

Reader, are you?

THE END.

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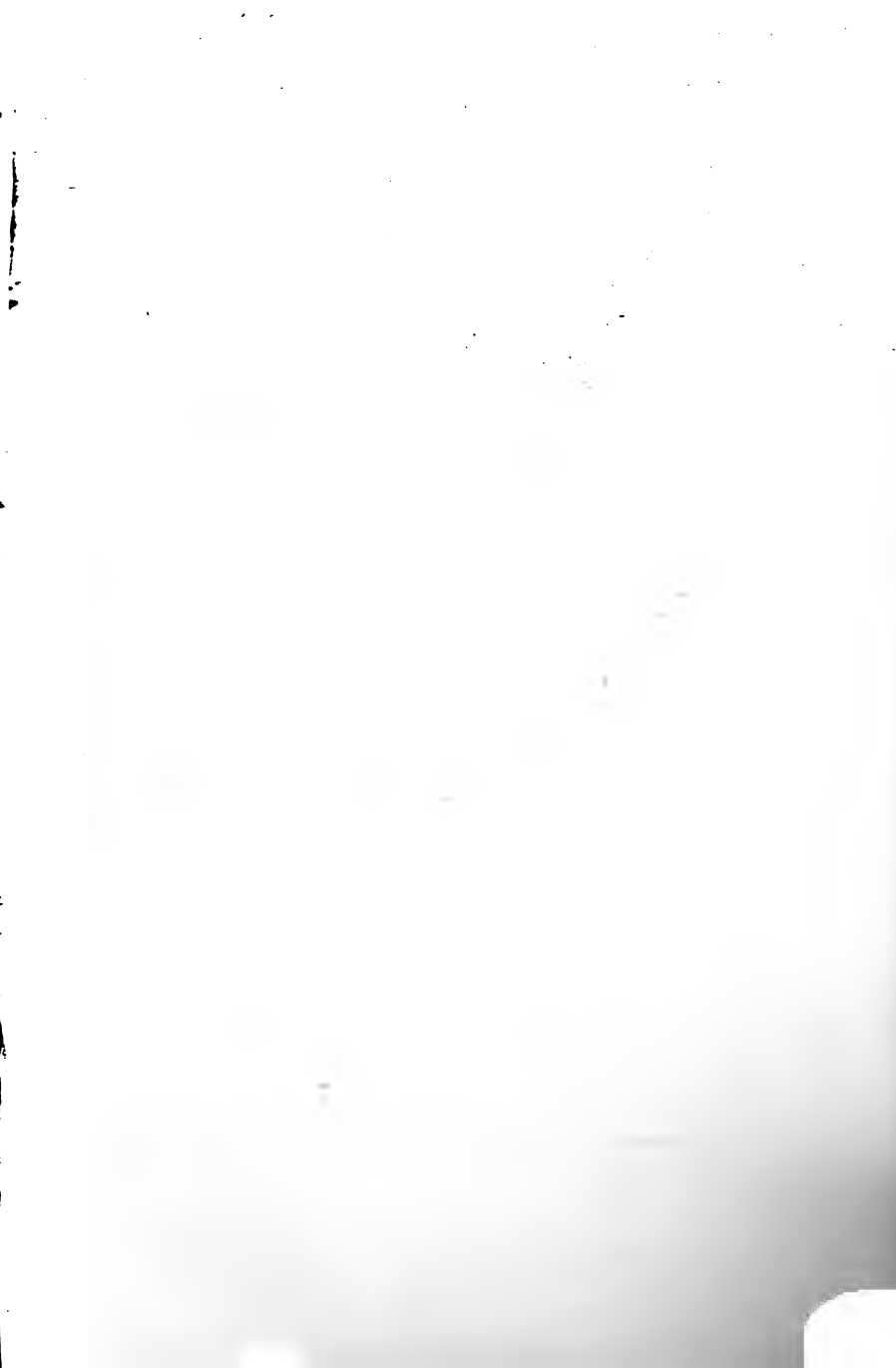
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